ROLLICKING HOME

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 86. [PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY.] WEEK ENDING JUNE 25TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

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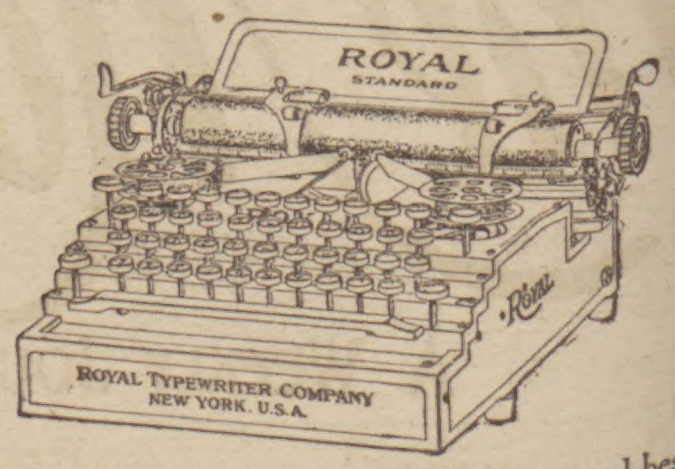

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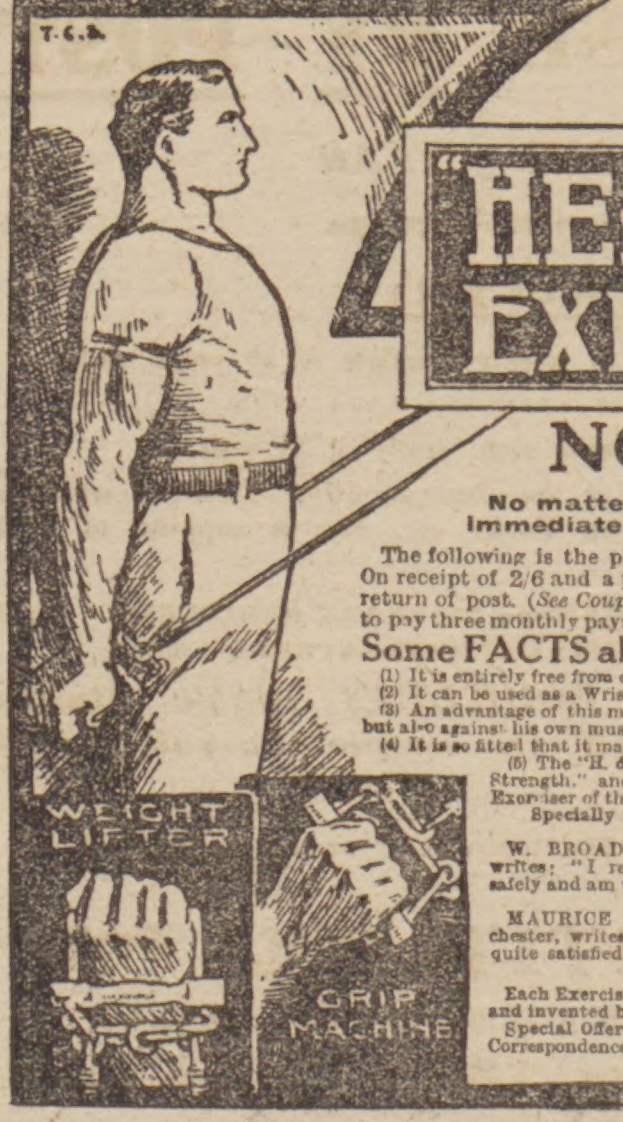

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 86. WEEK ENDING JUNE 25TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

HEN SLEEP FORSAKES YOU.

HOW TO BRING IT BACK.

hen we have sounded the depths of ery surrounding the miracle of sleep, we perhaps be able to do away with the of sleeplessness.

ntil then, however, men will, from time me, have to do battle as best they may one of the worst of evils that can pos- beset them.

r months, even for years, a man will go ed nightly with his mind crowded with he matters that interest, amuse, or even y him. He will lie down, close his eyes, in half a minute all thoughts will have hed and he will go off into a steady or eight hours' sleep.

ien, of a sudden, and from some cause cannot be detected, his mind will depart its usual course, and he will simply be d, against his will, into a sort of plague onsciousness and mental activity.

fight successfully against this a man first rally all his self-control to his aid. rst and foremost he must put out of his any desire to "think things over." king should never be done in bed. efore entering your room sit down and out anything that calls for your atten-

o not go to bed hungry. A light meal ng the evening, and not too long before ing, is a great help to sound sleep. the sufferer is not in the habit of read- in bed it is often very useful to take a to bed. This often induces a delicious siness, whatever the merits of the book. here is a cause of sleeplessness which ve hitherto never seen mentioned. Nowa- most of us sleep on wire spring (not spring) mattresses. These have a habit of ually slackening until the bed becomes r like a trough.

is well to watch this matter, and every months to take the bed key and tighten up wire mattress. It gives the bed a new giness that in itself induces sleep. esides the sleep that will not come at all, e is the sleep that has come for a time and again, leaving you drowsy, unable to e fully or go off into unconsciousness. here is a remedy, and usually a fairly k and certain one for this trouble. is this: Get right out of bed, throw the clothes, take a stroll along the idor to the bathroom, drink half a glass old water and then go back to bed. ou will wonder how you had the energy et up since you now feel so drowsy. nd that is the feeling above all others that should try to induce.

H. BLACK.

CHEEK.

Mr. ex-President Roosevelt was recently presented with the Freedom of the City. In view of the nature of his remarks lately, we fancy that it was wasted on him.

* * *

Of the Maharajah of Kuch Behar, "London Opinion" says that "In English billiards he stands supreme." Doubtless, then, many a rival aspires to take his cue from him.

* * *

There are now two novelists named Caine, Hall and William. We understand that each Caine refrains from reading the other's books. Is this because neither is Able?

* * *

The hay-fever season is now with us. This naturally makes a good many of us moan.

* * *

After a lengthy studentship, Mr. Plowden has lately been putting forth redoubled efforts to graduate in the University of Wit. But we don't think he will ever be more than a ploughed 'un.

* * *

The Suffragette can always hold her own—but not her tongue.

* * *

Says Mr. T. McDonald Rendle, "A life of drudgery is no stimulus to high spirits." But it is well known to drive a large number of people to drink.

* * *

A rising member of the Nationalist party is Mr. T. M. Kettle. He can be relied upon to spout beautifully, and sometimes he boils over.

* * *

We are told that meat is dearer. It is only natural that it should get higher in the hot weather.

* * *

Of a recently produced tragedy Mr. Austin Harrison says that "One cannot judge this play by ordinary canons." No, but its success will depend largely on reports.

* * *

"The history of a people," observes Mr. Charles N. L. Shaw, "is written in its music." We can certainly imagine that "Yip-i-addy-i-ay" would have been a favourite war-cry among the ancient Britons.

* * *

Dr. Fletcher asserts that "The weakness of the present day is in the fact that there is little sanitary education of the masses of the people." Quite so. Indeed, a little boy we know, called Tommy, says that all education is insanitary to the degree of rottenness.

* * *

A well-known cricketer advises the enthusiastic aspirant to "bowl with his head." Surely this is rather too thick!

J. S. COX.

BACKWATER BEHAVIOUR.

A MATTER OF PUBLIC DECENCY.

The subject is difficult to write about, if one is to avoid shocking the public's much-talked-of sense of decency. So far as it is possible to define a thing so abstract, the public's sense of decency appears to be a quality that takes a good deal of rousing into life. It even resents having pointed out to it a matter which outrages it and, therefore, demands its attention, but, when once aroused, it shrieks (usually louder than the case demands) and asks indignantly why it was not earlier informed.

If the public sense of decency has gone to sleep, there is a crying scandal that should awake it to action—I speak of the rampant, hideous vice that is practised openly on Saturday afternoons and during the whole of Sunday on certain backwaters of the River Thames.

It is unnecessary to go into details, for I do not wish to shock anyone. It is sufficient to say that many riverside residents possessing gardens that run down to these backwaters have given up using their gardens because the things to be seen from them are such as to make a man blush in the presence of ladies.

This is stating the case with restraint—those who live near the river can add a good deal to what I have suggested.

That I am not overdrawing the state of matters is proved by the fact that this very question of backwater morality recently occupied the attention of the Thames Conservancy.

At the meeting there was read a letter from an influential gentleman at Teddington, in which he went so far as to offer to pay 5s. a day towards the cost of properly policing the backwater beside his house.

The Thames Conservancy decided that the matter should be further investigated and reported upon.

May we hope that the report presented to them will be an accurate one, and also that they will take such steps as will insure that the most beautiful river in England shall cease to be a place of unbridled licence.

The Thames is regarded by the vicious class in London as one of the few places in the vicinity of the metropolis that are unpoliced and therefore available for their purposes. Certainly the policing of the Thames is defective. Let the Thames Conservancy put it right without hesitation or delay.

Rowing is one of our finest sports. Surely we have a right to enjoy it amidst surroundings as clearly as Nature made them.

A. G. SUTHERLAND.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE GUARDIAN IN ABSENCE

By R. D. CROMBIE.

Philomel was a personage with a royal dignity of demeanour, but he did not mind a few vigorous smacks on the back when they came from such a gentleman and proved sportsman as Keith Carruthers, Esquire, of Haversleigh Manor, Haversleigh, Sussex.

The bestowal of these marks of affection took place on the broad steps leading to the main entrance of the manor just prior to Carruthers stepping into the motor-car which waited, panting to start, in the drive.

Philomel was not the only one saying farewell to Carruthers. Carruthers's wife was there; and as friends come second to lovers all the world over, he felt no resentment that she received the major portion of what attentions were flying. Besides, between the male sex demonstrations of feeling are despised. Besides, again, Carruthers was strangely devoted to his wife.

All the same Philomel was not ignored, and it was to him that Carruthers said:

"Look after her while I'm away."

Philomel never wasted words on the obvious, but Carruthers, after a look at him and another friendly slap, seemed satisfied, and he went away with a laugh on his lips.

"That's the last we shall see of him for a week," said Mrs. Carruthers, gazing after the retreating car and waving her hand for the last time as it swept through the gates. "A week. Seven whole days. . . . Fond husbands are a trifle wearing, Philomel, if the truth were known. . . . But the truth mustn't be known—especially by Keith. And I think I can trust you not to tell him, Philomel."

She laughed musically and entered the hall, Philomel following.

"I'm going upstairs to change my frock now. There's the whole long sunny day before us, my Philomel. Don't look so magnificently indifferent. I want you to come into the village with me presently. I want to send a telegram to somebody. Guess to whom! Ah, you know well enough, but you're too discreet to say.

"I must be discreet too. . . . These village post-mistresses are so *curious*, aren't they? Shall we just wire 'Security guaranteed'? What more innocent message could there be to a stockbroker? And he'll understand. He'll be here in time for dinner, despite your quiet disapproval. Mind you treat him with all the courtesy due to an honoured guest."

Laughing again, she mounted the stairs. Philomel watched her gravely, making no reply. He did not like Mrs. Carruthers, but loyalty to his friend, whose constant companion he had been for the greater part of his young life, forbade him from showing it.

He turned and descended the steps to the garden, there finding a shady spot and making himself comfortable until she should be ready to start for the village.

* * * * * * *

Mrs. Carruthers's injunction to Philomel to receive her guest with proper respect was not obeyed in the strictest letter.

Philomel may have been able to mask his dislike for Mrs. Carruthers, but he saw no reason why the same effort should be made for the benefit of Mr. Bernard Wilde.

He had an inherent aversion to that self-possessed and exceedingly cultured individual, an aversion which he did not endeavour to analyse, trusting to a faculty for detecting real worth in character which was never by any chance misleading.

Frankly, he could not put up with the smell of him.

Accordingly when Mr. Bernard Wilde arrived, Philomel curled back his upper lip and revealed white and gleaming teeth in a smile the reverse of inviting. No sound or further movement did he make when Mr. Wilde extended a hand to greet him, and the hand was immediately withdrawn.

"Philomel does not appear to be very pleased to see you," observed Mrs. Carruthers. "Perhaps it is that he has caught something of Keith's nature through being so much with him."

"In that case, send him away," urged Mr. Wilde, in a low tone.

"Oh, no. He's as good as gold. Besides, Keith has entrusted me to his care. Think of the impropriety of us being alone."

Mr. Wilde glanced about swiftly. The servant who had let him in had departed. Philomel was the only other there.

"You *exquisite*!" he said, with an eager laugh, stepping close to her.

She stopped him with a raised finger.

"You must be good," she said. "Look at Philomel. He's already angry. Now, dinner's waiting. Don't be long. You were sensible to bring no change."

"I expected I should be going back to-night."

"So you will be."

"Shall I?"

"Bernard, Bernard!" she exclaimed, in playful warning. "Whatever else should you do? The business matter which you came down specially to discuss with me will not occupy more than an hour. After that. . . ."

"Yes, it was of that I was thinking," said Mr. Wilde, and laughing again he went upstairs to remove the stains of travel.

"Come along, Philomel," said Mrs. Carruthers, proceeding to the dining-room to see that the table had been set out all right.

Philomel stalked majestically beside her, a magnificent-looking Great Dane, the thoroughbred evident in every inch of him.

He flopped down in his favourite place on the bearskin rug near the window-seat, his front paws outstretched, his head at an angle of regal dignity, watching his mistress as, humming softly, she arranged the flowers on the table with deft and dainty fingers.

And there he remained during the progress of the meal, silent, calm, inscrutable.

The servants, noiseless and impassive as himself, fulfilled their duties and were dismissed. Mrs. Carruthers and her guest chatted together for some time in low and intimate tones.

"I'll leave you to smoke your cigar alone," she said at length, rising. "Or you can talk to Philomel if you like. He makes the best of companions, he is such a splendid listener. Join me in the library when you've finished."

"I'll come now," he replied. "Our time together is so short. . . . ."

He had risen and now placed his hand on her bare arm. They looked steadily into each other's eyes.

Philomel got up and slowly stalked over to them, standing behind Wilde, his nostrils dilating.

With a little laugh Mrs. Carruthers freed herself and pointed past Wilde to the dog.

"Philomel has his eye on you," she said, mischievously. "So long as he is present, you must behave yourself."

"Then let him be absent," he said, "for to behave myself with you so radiant, so alluring——"

"You are suggesting the abandonment of a ritual," she interrupted. "It is Philomel's habit to accompany his master into the library after dinner; and to interfere with Philomel's habits would be sacrilege, I assure you. You have only to look at him to see it. Besides, what other protection. . . ."

"Your taunts are sweet," said Wilde, opening the door for her, "but remember; there is a sweetness that maddens."

"Madness is only superior sanity, I am told," she answered, passing through.

And Philomel, taking precedence as his right, followed in her wake, serenely interposing his great lean body between his mistress and her guest.

* * * * * *

Lying at full length, his muzzle between his paws, apparently asleep, but brown eyes very watchful through narrowed lids, Philomel was quietly applying his canine intelligence to the solving of a problem.

He could not quite understand how it was that an enemy should enter the house soon after his master had left it. He could not understand how his mistress could welcome the enemy as though he were a friend. He wondered that she was not warned by the smell of him that he was false and treacherous, threatening evil to her lord and master and still more devastating evil to herself.

He rather despised her that her instincts were of such a mean order that she could not discover this proclaiming circumstance for herself; but instead treated the man as though he were as worthy of love and fidelity as the absent Other.

She was, moreover, close to him; not two feet apart were their chairs; while he, Philomel, lay many yards distant, and yet he could taste the unpleasant odour of him.

Had it not been for the liveliness of that sense, rarer than smell, which foretold the coming of some greater danger, a danger so subtle and unimaginable as to be warily watched for, with muscles taut and every fibre ready to meet attack from whatever direction it came—had it not been for this, he, Philomel, would have sought to acquaint his mistress with the true character of her guest, by growling undertones of warning, by the glisten of bared fangs, or even, if these failed, by driving the enemy from the house with deep booming sounds of hatred, teeth snapping at his flanks as though eager to bury themselves in the soft yielding flesh. Philomel waited. Until every sense leaped to the consciousness of realised peril, he must remain where he was, still apparently sleeping, unheeded, and forgotten.

But Philomel restrained himself.

Wilde was leaning forward, his hands locked about his knees, feasting on the beauty of the woman before him. He spoke in subdued thrilling accents, passionate, pleading, all the whole force of a man's desire throbbing in the words.

And she listened with sparkling eyes, her

lips triumphant, revelling in the delight of conquest.

He drew nearer, he took her by the shoulders, he laughed softly with his face close to hers. She lifted her two hands and made to push him away; but her head was bent back and her lips were red. He kissed them.

That was when Philomel sprang. Wilde went down before him like corn before a scythe. Mrs. Carruthers screamed.

The dog's teeth fastened in Wilde's coat at the neck, twitched him up and threw him on his back. Hoarse with terror Wilde also screamed, fighting with knees and fingers, as Philomel, snarling but little, worked for the required opening.

The woman endeavoured to drag the dog away by the collar, calling him wildly by his name.

But Philomel was on his master's business. Then she lost control, and shrieked, and shrieked. . . .

Servants came running in. . . .

But ere they appeared, Philomel's teeth had crunched in the enemy's throat.

A GOOD CAMPING-OUT HINT.

It is just at this time of the year, when warm sun and trees, resplendent in foliage of the freshest green, make us almost forget that there is such a season as winter, that the minds of early holiday-makers are filled with thoughts of river-camping. But in many cases the cost of the various articles of furniture is sufficiently great to put such a holiday out of the question. The "handy man," however, who can make one or two crude but serviceable appliances is far less troubled by financial considerations.

For instance, you will not be able to get a portable folding wash-stand for less than 6s. 6d., and most shops will charge you about half-a-sovereign for one. But you can make one for next to nothing.

Get your grocer to give, or sell, to you three strong pieces of rough wood, each a yard in length or a little longer. Smooth them as well as you can, and then join each of them, at the centre, with a strong brass ring. This will permit of their being either folded up flat or opened out tripod fashion.

When used in the latter way, you will need a board about a foot square with a hole in the centre. Slip this over your sticks, half-way down, and it will keep the tripod steadily in position. Then, calculating an enamelled basin at 6d., the whole apparatus should not cost more than a shilling.

TRAINING—ANCIENT AND MODERN.

There is perhaps no department of sport which has been so completely metamorphosed during the last generation as the methods of training men for athletic contests.

The old-fashioned trainer's most deep-seated belief was that before a man started his training, his system should be thoroughly cleared of bile. And the methods of attaining this end were many and varied.

A strong emetic was the most popular form—so strong as to leave the man as weak as a rat for two or three days after taking it; but in the case of Tom Sayers, previous to one of his great fights, the expedient of a trip to Boulogne on a rough day was adopted. The fighting man was not even allowed to land, but returned to England in the same ship.

Another exploded item in the training regime of the old days was the terribly lengthy and fatiguing walks that were enforced, and the consumption of practically raw beef-steaks. Nowadays a boxer eats well-cooked solid foods, walks and runs in moderation, and uses the rest of his time in practice-bouts with his trainer.

CRICKET CAUTIONS

No umpire can consider himself a success if he lets his decision wait upon a doubt. Even if he has a doubt, one side or the other should have the benefit of it—immediately.

* * *

Do not wait to put gloves and pads on until the man before you is "out." When everybody is watching your preparations, you will leave the pavilion in a state of extreme nervousness. Which isn't good for your game.

* * *

Let "the field" do its own work. Never, even out of the best feeling of friendliness, hit a dead ball along to the bowler. In other words, mind your own—play.

* * *

Point, whose position is a hot and often dangerous one, should be given as much latitude as possible as to his precise position. By drawing him too close, a captain has many a time made point feel uncomfortably near to danger which he has not a fair chance of avoiding.

* * *

To change bowlers: beware of turning the field upside down when first put on. Try the field as it is, and make changes after an over or two, if necessary.

* * *

When the ball is bowled before you are absolutely ready at the wicket, step back smartly and put your bat behind you.

* * *

Unspiked shoes or boots are as useless as spiked guns in any field.

* * *

You will not improve the pitch by belabouring it with your bat because one ba'l happens to jump. You may, on the other hand, hurt your bat.

* * *

Don't go to bed on the ground every time a wicket falls. Take part in the general throw round, and keep your hand and eye in for catching.

* * *

If in the deep field do not carry on a conversation with spectators. You will be caught napping.

* * *

Don't make a block in the popping crease the size of a grave. Make a small one that you can recognise as your own when you have taken the guard you prefer.

* * *

When you have brought off a smart catch, don't throw the ball up in the air afterwards. You may want to relieve your hands, but it looks like swank, and you look a fool if you happen to drop it.

* *

In taking a catch or fielding a ball, always be careful that the hands open horizontally, and not vertically, with the wrists together. If you have the back of one hand uppermost, you are risking a damaged finger. Draw the hands in towards you as the ball meets them.

C. READER.

THE MUSCLES OF THE LEG.

The accompanying diagram shows at a glance the principal muscles of the leg, and should prove of great value to the physical culturist and to the athlete in all branches of sport. The figures in the diagram correspond with those in the following table:

1. GLUTEUS MEDIUS, the large hip muscle, which is of especial importance to walkers.

2. GLUTEUS MAXIMUS.

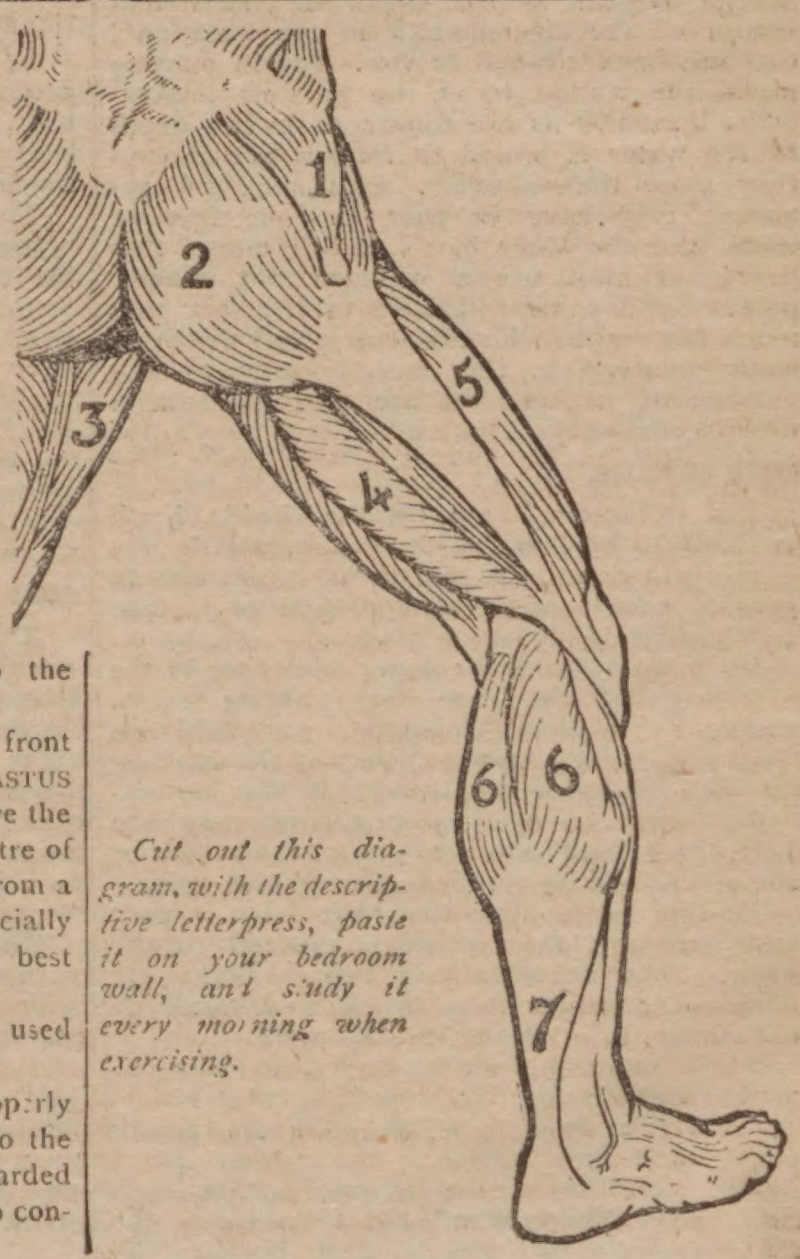
3. ADDUCTOR MAGNUS, a muscle that should be especially cultivated by the horseman, and may be found greatly developed in jockeys, as the grip on the saddle depends upon it.

4. BICEPS CRURIS, the biceps of the leg, which bends it at the knee. This muscle is of great importance to the rowing man who wishes to use his legs properly, and to the walker and runner.

5. VASTUS EXTERNUS, the large muscle in front of the thigh on the outside. This with the VASTUS INTERNUS, which appears on the inside above the knee, and the RECTUS FEMORIS in the centre of the thigh are the muscles used in rising from a chair or going upstairs. They are especially valuable to the cyclist, and cycling is the best means of developing them.

6. GASTROCNEMIUS, the calf muscles, also used in cycling and walking.

7. THE ACHILLES TENDON, though not properly a muscle, this tendon is most important to the walker or runner, and should be carefully guarded from injury, and if strained brought back to condition by rubbing with embrocation.



Cut out this diagram, with the descriptive letterpress, paste it on your bedroom wall, and study it every morning when exercising.

TACTICS IN PUNTING RACES

SOME TIPS THAT MAKE FOR PACE.

At this time of the year, the up-river regattas loom large on the sportsman's horizon, and doubtless a large proportion of our river-loving readers will be having a shot at some of the open events. And in view of the fact that the art of punting has steadily grown in the popular favour during the past decade or so, it is presumable that the various punting races will attract a large body of competitors. So that a few hints on the most important points that make for success in this branch of aquatic sport may be of interest and service to more than a few of our readers.

STUDY THE COURSE.

First of all, make a careful study of the course over which you are to race, with a special regard to the depth of water and nature of the river-bottom in the "station" that has been allotted to you. For in punting races, the station is of the greatest importance, inasmuch as the difference in the depth of the water is bound to favour one competitor more than another. One man, for instance, may have to punt in four feet of water and the other in six, which means that the latter must use a stronger and heavier pole. Besides, he will have to lift this pole much further than his adversary, and the extra work involved in this way, considering the number of strokes that are performed in a race is obviously considerable.

DEPTH OF WATER.

The "bottom" too, in the inside berth is likely to be less "sticky" than will be the case further out, so that it is clear that to provide equal conditions for each competitor is a practically impossible task.

On many courses the water is deeper in the first half of the race (all punting races, practically without exception, are held on "out and home" courses) than is the case on the way back, or *vice-versa*, so that an excellent plan is to carry two poles, say one 14ft. long, and another shorter and lighter, for use according to the nature of the water.

Punting races generally start from a punt attached to a raft which is moored to the bank. One or sometimes two ryepecks are fixed, at approximately the half distance of the course, to mark the turning point.

The "starting punt" alluded to is occupied generally by three people, two watermen, whose duty it is to hold the racing punts, and the starter. The racing punts should point down the course, but in each case they should bear slightly towards the side on which the pole is used, because the first shove will tend to push the punt away from the pole, and so possibly bring about a collision. In many cases an objection on the part of a competitor to start in this way is sufficient to disqualify him. As soon as the starter sees that the punts are correctly in position, he puts the usual question: "Are you ready?" and if he receives no answer, follows up quickly with the order to "Go!"

The correct starting position in punting race is as follows: Plant the iron of the pole firmly on the river-bottom slanting forward at an angle of slightly over forty-five degrees, and with the arms stretched out rather higher than your head. Do not, however, "overreach yourself" by stretching your arms too far forward. At the word "Go!" get your weight well on the pole, and shoot smartly off the mark, proceeding to make the best progress possible towards the turning ryepeck.

STARTING TIPS.

Here is a very important hint.

Punt very lightly, *i.e.*, do not exert your whole strength when the ground is soft, for the pole will sink in, either causing a dead stop while you pull it out again or going in so deep that you have to let it go.

It is best as a general rule to make the pace as far as the turn, so as not to be incommoded at that point by your competitor. There are two ways of turning, and these may be given here, though the first is not so generally practised as the second.

The first, known as "swinging" the punt, is performed thus. Stand in the middle of the punt and send it along pretty quickly, until you have just passed the turning point. Then hold the pole at right angles to the punt, with the iron end in the water, and the head of the craft will swing towards it, sometimes with sufficient impetus to turn the punt right round.

THE ART OF TURNING.

At any rate a stroke or so of the iron in the ordinary way will be enough to complete the turn. But "swinging" is only practised in heavy punts and in competitions where passengers have to be taken.

The other way of getting round the turning ryepeck is by stopping the punt. Approach the ryepeck with your right leg forward and your pole on the left. Send the punt past the post at a good pace, and immediately you have passed face half round, so as to look in the other direction. Place the iron of the pole quickly down to the bottom on the same side as before, but very much slanted so as to bring the punt to a stop, and in this way, it will swing round and point on the other side of the turning post.

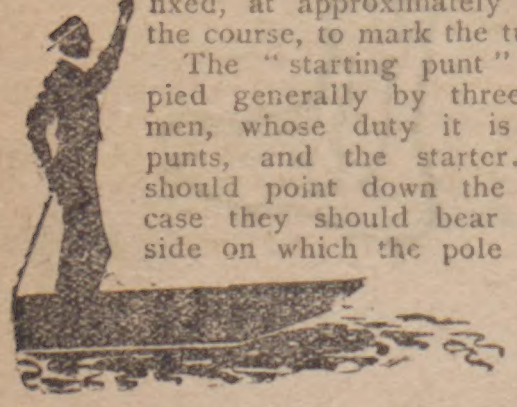
EARLY TRAINING.

The principles of training for rowing apply practically identically to punt-racing, except that practice for the latter is done in a punt. In the early stages easy punting exercises in a light pleasure punt is the best thing, for the purpose of perfecting your action; but you should also accustom yourself to the management of a light racer, so that you should put in a short spell now and then, even at first in "monkeying about" in one of the latter.

This need not necessarily be done on a racing course in the initial stages of your training, but as time goes on, consistent work should be started by degrees on a course.

Finally, by no means the least important hint to punting racers is contained in the advice that Abel Beesley used to give to the men he was coaching, "There is no telling how bad the other man may feel, and if you strick to him he may be the first to crack."

O. L. LOCKYER.



SUMMER BAITS.

HOW TO OBTAIN AND PRESER MANY KINDS.

With June giving way to July and the weather here to stay, the angler beg feel a more and more insistent call to the

But though many of us are particular thusiastic when we have arrived at the and have actually started fishing, there feature of the necessary preparations t generally rather irksome to us. This procuring of live-bait, which in the majority of cases takes the form of w kinds of worms.

Let me, therefore, describe some meth preserving live-bait so that the angler always have some by him in readiness ever he desires to fish.

A worm which offers especial attracti the trout is known as the brandling. Th way of preserving it is to procure an ea ware pot, fill it with moss, and deposi brandlings in it.

Every three or four days in summer th should be changed, but sometimes the of that commodity may not be sufficie admit of this. In such a case, the old should be taken out and washed in a ba water and well squeezed out before bei placed. In this way the brandlings will in good condition for several weeks.

You may possibly notice that they lose size, and this will be a sign that they a The degree of their unfitness may be in accordance with the size of the knot every brandling has in his middle. Th ways swells with ill-health.

When you see these signs you s sprinkle, every day, among the moss a sert-spoonful of milk or cream in whi egg has either been beaten up or b This will completely restore your worms keep them for a long time.

An excellent worm for chub is the "c or "case," worm, which is to be found little brooks, encased, as is its habit, piece of reed an inch or so long, gen floating on the surface of the water.

When a sufficient number of these has collected they should be put in a woollen with a little sand at the bottom of it, wetting this bag daily, the worms will found to turn yellow in three or four when they will be ready for use.

Another widely-used bait is the ash plump and of a milky whiteness, and o from head to tail. It is, however, very der, and consequently difficult to fix hook, so that it is best to keep it for or two in bran to toughen it. Even then advisable to tie it gently on the hook piece of white horsehair.

On chalky commons you will be able to large quantity of what are known as worms. These are best kept some time earthen pot before using, as this scours If, however, you intend to use them immediately after catching them it is b put them in water (if possible for a night), and then to carry them in a linen lined with fennel.

In very dry weather it will generally somewhat difficult to obtain earthworms the following is a good way of making rise in the daytime instead of at night:

Squeeze a quantity of walnut leaves in and pour the latter on any portion of gr where worm-holes are discernible. This make the worms appear upon the su almost immediately. Failing walnut le salt in the water will do almost as well

You will often find fish very shy of wo In such a case an excellent plan is to a small amount of camphor in the bag in which your worms are incarcerated. The smell will give them a deadly attraction

S. JARROLD.

A MAN'S CHANCES IN THE ARMY.

AN ARTICLE FOR THOSE IN SEARCH OF A CAREER.

Most of us are familiar with the posters that are to be found at railway stations, police stations, post offices, and military headquarters, which promise wonderful things to the man who will serve his King and country in the ranks of the Army.

A resplendent uniform, canteens, reading-rooms and so on are held up to him as baits to lure him on, and he is promised pay that is, if not princely, at least more than sufficient to his needs if it be remembered that his board and lodging will be supplied at the Government's expense. There is probably no reference to "stoppages," which sometimes reduces that pay fairly considerably before it reaches his pocket, but after all one does not advertise the drawbacks to any post that is to be filled.

Of the physical requirements of a soldier in His Majesty's Forces there is no need to speak here. These can be learnt from any recruiting sergeant or depot, or from any post office, or by writing direct to the Director of Army Recruiting at the War Office.

WHAT HE IS IN FOR.

But it may be interesting to consider what a man is letting himself in for when he takes the shilling"—the phrase will continue to live even if the reality is dead.

In all branches of the Army twelve years' service is demanded, but there are very considerable differences in the period of that service which is done with the Colours and the period during which the trained soldier is merely a member of the Reserve, when he is still liable to be called up in time of emergency, or for twelve days' training in each year, although, as a matter of fact, about three days' training in five years is all that a man in the Reserve is usually called up for.

His pay while with the Reserve is 6d. a day, but he is free to pursue any civil trade or profession.

PERIODS OF SERVICE.

The period which a man must undertake on enlisting to serve with the Colours is eight years in the Household Cavalry, seven years in the Cavalry and Infantry of the Line, six years in the R.H.A. and R.F.A., eight years in the R.G.A., three years in the Guards.

For drivers of the Army Service Corps and Engineers, enlistment need only be for two years with the Colours, while machinery artificers and armourers in the Army Ordnance Corps and bandsmen in the Guards enlist for twelve full years with the Colours.

If a man's service has been satisfactory, it is, of course, open to him to re-engage at the end of his term.

The man who is already skilled in any trade will find a branch of the Army in which his knowledge can be useful and can better his chances. If he has no previous knowledge of a trade, he will be given opportunities of learning one which will stand him in good stead when he obtains his discharge.

Even a man who joins a regiment whose principal tools are the rifle and the bayonet learns much that may be useful to him in civil life—business knowledge, discipline, regular habits and so on.

PENSIONS AND MARRIAGE.

But it is only to the man with a good record in the Service that subsequent employment is ensured. His pension, which can only be earned after twenty-one years' service will not, unless he has been a warrant-officer, amount to any very considerable sum,

although even 1s. 1d. a day, the private's lowest pension, is not to be scorned.

A reason that deters many a young man from enlisting is the restriction on marriage. The number of privates allowed to marry "on the strength" is small, but by the time a man has come to the marrying age, he should, if he is worth his salt, be a non-commissioned officer.

All warrant and senior non-commissioned officers are allowed to marry on the strength, and 50 per cent. of the sergeants, and life in the married quarters brings with it freedom from rates and taxes, free fuel and free transport for the whole family and belongings in case of the regiment moving its quarters.

PROMOTION.

The prospects of promotion are far brighter than is generally realised. There is one N.C.O. to every six privates, and it must be remembered that many men prefer to remain in the ranks than to take on the responsibilities that are entailed by promotion, so that the chances for the ambitious man are the greater.

It is also a fact which is not known to everybody that there are some 1,200 commissioned officers in the Regular Army, some of them Colonels, who have won their way up from the ranks by pure merit.

Lastly, service in the Army provides a man with opportunities for seeing foreign countries and distant parts of the Empire that are otherwise only enjoyed by the sailor and those whose wealth and leisure enable them to travel.

F. J. JONES.

SOME USEFUL JUMPING HINTS.

In view of the fact that the season for athletic sports meetings is now in full swing all over the country, the following hints to long and high-jumpers may not be out of place.

A very important point that many long-jumpers either disregard or are unaware of is the advisability of leaping much higher into the air than is usually done. You may think you are wasting energy in so doing; but just try it next time at practice.

High-jumping, of course, depends largely on a man's natural "spring"; but the judgment he exercises in his "take off" has a very important part in his success also. A good thing to do at practice is to experiment with varying distances from the jump, until you find the "take off" that comes the easiest to you; and when you have found it, stick to it for good.

IN THE TRAIN.

A SKETCH.

I was leaving London for a week-end in Sussex, feeling that I had done a good week's work and that things were looking up. Even the sun seemed a little more inclined to look pleasantly down upon the smoke and sweat of the town.

Four stations out of the London terminus he came to the door, had a look at me and the carriage, and came in.

He was very ruddy of face, with a stiff moustache. Through the opening in a coarse blue shirt I caught glimpses of an iron chest, over which there spread great hairs like oak trees on a forest hill.

His boots alone would have weighed down the scale against all that I was wearing—hat and coat, and even hand-bag. He carried a long stout hazel pole, as straight and brown as himself, and a little taller; and over his shoulder was slung a workman's straw basket with rope handles.

It contained, I supposed, not only his wardrobe and perhaps his larder, but the tools of his trade—whatever that might have been, for he never more than hinted at it. Like a true gentleman his talk was not of shop; and though it was obvious that he was poor, he gave no indication by word or action.

We began to talk at once—to talk as fellow-travellers, fellow-workers, fellow-men. He could not have been more courteous had he been a king.

And yet he gave me glimpses into what must be one of the roughest and hardest lives a man can live.

Looking round the bare third-class carriage, with the air of one who knows what good things really are, he remarked: "I'm just havin' a bit of luxury. I took my money at Dorking Fair and I walked up to London in the night."

"Did you sleep 'rough'?" I inquired.

"Had no sleep at all," he answered. "I can get along without much of that. If I gets a few hours in the daytime I can go a night or two without any more. So I walked up to London."

"You got the benefit of all that storm then, I suppose?"

"That I did; I were drownded; and when I got as far as New Cross I found a lodgin' house and went in for an hour or two and dried myself. And here I am," he chuckled, "on the road again, or I should say on the rail-road, for I'm just enjoyin' a little ride."

"Going far?"

"Not on this train," he said, decisively. "It costs too much. I be gettin' down at Redhill and then I starts for Southampton. I hope to get work at the docks down there."

It was a Friday night on which we met, I wondered how he intended to get to Southampton, and I asked him.

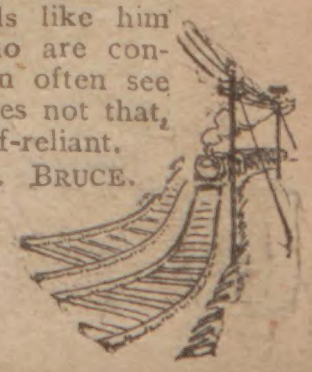
In the most confident manner he said he was walking. And then he reeled off the various stages of the journey.

It surprised me to see with what absolute composure he faced the four days and nights of walking. That he had money upon him I knew, for he now and then jingled the coin in his pocket and the chink was that of silver.

He made me feel almost ashamed of my own comparatively luxurious life. If I had a four days' tramp between each of my jobs, sleeping under hedges or haystacks, carrying all my belongings on my back, and accompanied only by my own thoughts, I fancy I should do very little work.

He began to be something of a hero to me. But probably there are thousands like him who live from hour to hour, who are constantly at grips with life, who can often see only one meal ahead and sometimes not that, and who are yet cheerful and self-reliant.

M. BRUCE.



Two Men and a Caravan.

SOME EXPERIENCES OF A HOLIDAY ON THE ROAD.

I think it was the happiest holiday I have ever spent, and yet at the time it seemed to be one long succession of things that didn't turn out just as we expected them to do.

After much discussion we decided to go alone, Jack and I. We had contemplated asking George Bellerby to join us, but we came to the conclusion that he was too lazy and too fond of his creature comforts, and also that his rather forced efforts at humour would pall by the end of a fortnight's tour.

So we set out alone, having secured the services of Alfred—who, by the way, was a horse of uncertain age and temper—together with a very presentable caravan which Alfred's owner, a local job-master, had had the business insight to build as a speculation, and which was in heavy demand throughout the season.

An advertisement in a local paper had originally been the means of bringing us together.

THE "OFF-SEASON."

As we both contrived to get our holidays very early in the summer, we were able to come to quite reasonable terms for the hire of Alfred and his caravan for a fortnight.

Two pounds a week covered the whole cost of the two, exclusive of the fodder consumed by the worthy Alfred, whose appetite at times frightened us. At most of our camping-places, however, he was hobbled and turned out to graze, and our natural timidity and reluctance to infuse into him any more spirit than he sometimes possessed led us to keep the corn bill as low as possible.

We neither of us knew very much about that noble animal the horse when we started, but an extensive knowledge of his peculiarities is not really necessary for a caravan trip. The chief necessities are that the beast shall be quiet and betray no anxiety to move faster than a walk, that he shall have no objection to passing motors or dust, and that he shall not be apt to resent the insults hurled at him and his masters by other users of the road.

OUR GUARDIAN.

I had almost forgotten to mention Bully. Indeed he was the most important member of the party. Without him, Alfred and the van and all that therein was would probably have been stolen on at least one occasion, when we returned from a ramble in the fields, to find Bully chasing a couple of very doubtful-looking characters over a hedge while Alfred looked on with an expression on his face that was more like a smile than anything I have ever seen on a horse, before or since.

Bully was a bull-terrier—at least, so Jack, his master, said. I asked no questions as to his ancestry. All I knew was that he was a very excellent watch-dog—his appearance alone was sufficiently terrifying—and that his appetite was almost equal to Alfred's. But they both earned their keep and we did not grudge it to them.

We started off without an idea of our destination and we trusted to luck for our camping place each night. Usually we got leave to out-span for the night for nothing. Occasionally it cost us a shilling or so to win the consent of a farmer, but one thing we were always particular about was to get leave before we took Alfred out of the shafts or made any further preparations. It is irritating to be moved on by an irate landowner just as you are beginning to think of turning in.

TRAVELLING HOURS.

Moreover, we always started early in the day and fixed on our camping-place by six o'clock. From twelve to two or thereabouts, during the heat of the day, we did not move at all, but smoked and slept and read and talked while Alfred munched contentedly by our side, and Bully basked in the sun and snapped at the flies that ventured within reach of his cavernous jaws.

Our little home on wheels was by no means luxurious, but it contained all that we needed. There were two comfortable bunks along the sides, which made settees with lockers underneath during the day. A collapsible table ran down the centre with a lamp hung above it.

At each end was a door leading on to a narrow platform. On that in front was the driver's seat, with room for a chair beside it, and it was here that we spent most of our day as Alfred plodded steadily along the road.

WHERE WE COOKED.

At the back, by the side of the door, was a cupboard, which formed our little kitchen and was fitted with an oil-stove. Most of our cooking, however, we—or rather I—did out in the open.

An indiarubber bath and a canvas bucket we found among the most useful of our fittings, and these, together with a good supply of maps, were among the few things we had to add ourselves to the furniture of the caravan.

The interior was fitted more like the cabin of a yacht than anything else, and the who is fitting out a van for himself could do better than work on those lines.

As we had the good luck to strike a night of fine, warm weather, we spent se nights sleeping in the open, dragging our tresses out and placing them on a tarp that we had brought for the purpose.

DRAWBACKS OF THE OPEN-AIR LIFE.

We gave up this habit, however, Jack awoke one night after a harro nightmare to find Bully, who was ch at night to a wheel of the van, repo on his chest, when his startled ejacula upset Alfred so much that he broke his h rope and it took us nearly an hour in pyjamas to pacify and secure him again.

These were the little incidents that ma the serenity of our fortnight on the road, I am afraid our tempers, like Alfred's, not always all that they might have been.

But, somehow, we can look back on with actual pleasure now, and—yes, it is tainly about the best holiday I ever spen

C. J. EASTBOURN

NICETIES OF RUNNING AT CRICKE

To be what is called "a good judge run" is practically of as great importance batsman as ability to keep up his wicket hit a ball, for miscalculation in running result in the sacrifice of the best man in eleven.

In the ordinary way, when a batsman any "forward" stroke, *i.e.*, hits to field, cover-point, or over the bowler's it is the striker who calls for the run, but the ball is sent behind the wicket, his ner should decide whether a run is practic or not. By the way, if you "sky" a *always* attempt a short quick run on the ch of the catch being dropped.

Despite the earnest efforts of ground with the "light roller" in the intervals play, the pitch always meets with "cutting up" than is good for it, so, making runs avoid running on the wicket far as possible. The non-striker should wide of the wicket out of the bowler's and run from crease to crease in a line his position.

Lastly, here is a fact which, enough, a great many men are unaware There is no need when running to put feet inside the popping crease of the wi you are running for. So long as the tip your bat has touched ground over the line marking the crease, you are safely ho

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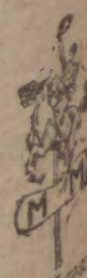


The Lea Badge (Actual Si

A RACING STORY.

OLD SAGACITY

By BERNARD MACKLIN.

If one is on a slant (as they say in Colin's country), looking for philosophy at the very top of its form, one does not usually seek that rare commodity around the sale-ring at the back of the stands at Hurst Park. Yet I have a photographic record of the occasion upon which I found it—when it emanated, in fact, from the lips of a "little" working trainer of racehorses yclept Bob Bence.

One does not need to be a top-weight judge of facial expression to read upon that photograph just what little Bob Bence is observing to my back hair.

You must imagine the usual sale-ring photograph, which, like the sixpence-a-dozen portraiture, consists mainly of backs, although not necessarily sticky ones, unless the day be warm indeed.

You may search in vain for one good, more or less honest, racing visage amid the multitude of backs, and not one will you find, but the face you may recognise five furlongs distant as that of Mr. Robert Bence, trainer. And the sorrowing disgust you may read thereon—the curled-lipped, disdainful, beaten-by-streets, disgust—not only speaks for itself, but shouts Mr. Bence's sentiments in your ear. Beneath that photograph—one of the best plates in the issue of a sixpenny sporting illustrated of that week—is inscribed the legend, "Selling Tickamaddy at Hurst Park."

The whole scene comes back to me—the auctioneer in the shiny hat on the rostrum; at my right elbow, that prince of good fellows, the racing expert of a leading racing paper, in his brown Homburg, which is familiar to every racecourse in England except Ascot, where, by conforming to the conventions, my friend becomes a magnificent man of the grand air, monocled and Homburg-hatless, with an irreproachable crease in his trousers; opposite there is a haze of straw hats, partly intercepted by the graceful form of Tickamaddy, who is being spoken of very kindly by the gentleman with the ivory hammer. . . .

I listen to the slow bidding in wonderment, for Tickamaddy has just won his race handsomely, utterly beggaring descriptive writers by jumping off with a clear lead and never being headed, winning in the commonest of canters by some three lengths.

"He's never been out of the first three," the auctioneer says, "in all his races!" I exclaim to Mr. Robert Bence, "What's the objection to him?"

"The objection to him is that—that there've been too many of 'em," says Bob, gruffly, still eyeing Tickamaddy, five-year-old plater, with utter disgust.

"Too many of what?"

Mr. Bence growled.

"Heat made you dense, laddie?—too many objections, of course. Up against him the Stewards are, and it's only sagacity, you know, only sagacity."

There was bitterness in his voice—the bitterness of a man who has backed a winner subsequently disqualified.

"Of course!" I exclaimed. "Why Tickamaddy belonged to *you* once, didn't he?"

The same thought must have simultaneously occurred to the auctioneer, who caught Mr. Bence's eye.

"Can I make it seventy-five, Mr. Bence?" he suggested ingratiatingly. "Old friend of yours, Mr. Bence—old friends are best, you know."

It was then that Mr. Bence turned his head aside—it was then that the camera shutter must have clicked.

"Some old friends," Mr. Bence observed to the hand-stitched collar-band of my coat, "*are* best—dead."

Seeing that he was bowed under some great sorrow, I followed him to the barren seclusion of Tattersall's bar, where glasses stood in pyramidal formation upon the bare, unpainted counter, above the iced buckets of uncorked magnums, so eloquent of riches combined with severe simplicity (if one excepted the barmaid on the last count).

Contenting himself with splitting a mere half-bottle (an extravagance, as he admitted, but necessary as a stimulant to assist him to bear great mental strain), he closed the door, despite the barmaid's objection, to shut out the auctioneer's "Have you done at seventy, gentlemen?" and turning to me, spoke solemnly.

"First of all," he said, as he watched the little bubbles racing to the surface of the pale gold liquid that cheers and, alas! drains one's pocket, "are you ever likely to be tempted to own racehorses to run merely to provide a spectacle for an unappreciative public and shekels for the racecourse companies?

"You have made it a maxim of your life to let others do the owning, while you'll be happy to watch 'em run? An excellent maxim, young man, unless the racehorse business happens to be the only trade your father could find to apprentice you to after you had defied his six foot and your mother's five foot eight by resolutely refusin' to grow an inch taller than five foot three. Yes, that was the case with me. I was brought up on racehorses, fed on racehorses, slept with racehorses, like—like the bloomin' dog in the manger, only it was the hayrack that *I* usually occupied.

"Now, listen—though I don't expect you to believe it. You'll remind me in a minute, I know, that you've been racin' too long—yes, *you*, with only ten attendances at the Derby to your credit!—been racin' too long to need any futile fiction from a twopenny-ha'penny trainer of ancient crocks. (It's all right. Might as well say it as think it. I know what you noospaper gentlemen are. We treat you like bloomin' brothers, and then you turn round and give away all the stable secrets that we confide to you."

"And which usually finish down the course," I murmured.

"No matter. You're on triers, and that, as the Jockey Club its noble self knows, is absolutely *the* limit of a winnin' chance that a man can be on, from the pony track at Lhassa to the Rous Course at Newmarket."

From outside came the crescendo tones of the auctioneer. "Going at one hundred and twenty guineas—gone." The hammer fell.

"Bought in," said Mr. Bence. "Well, I'm glad they've done it cheap. They'll lose some brass over Old Sagacity (that's what we called Tickamaddy at home) before they've had his hoofs made into inkstands.

"Sir, that horse can really and truly, actually and undeniably, do anything but talk, and *that's* only because his mouth's not c'rectly formed to allow of the English 'th,' and *he* ain't a horse to do things by halves is Tickamaddy! If he chucks a jockey off in the paddock, sometimes, it's swank—pure swank. You see he don't want to be treated like a human bein', because he knows just how dam bad they come off and, well, being a racehorse and associated with the Turf for at least three good years, he hain't been shown Life from its most encouragin' aspect, has he?

"So he remains a mere horse, preferrin' to be addressed and treated as such. But a worse old rascal than he never—never played billiards on the 'Rutland' tables—and that's saying a good deal in these days when a man who can handle a cue at all is placed on the 'owe eighty' mark in the annual Jockeys' and Trainers' Billiard Handicap of two hundred and fifty up.

"I picked Tickamaddy up quite casual. They'd run him to be sold, win or lose—you've seen the usual appendage to the programme of the selling race—at a little North-country meeting.

"Well, with eight-stone-five on his back—and he was only a three-year-old then—*he* knew (not his trainer) that he hadn't a chance worth a hatful of oats. I remember puttin' up my glasses that day, and—I'd been taken with his shape and general aspect in the paddock—seein' that, despite his jockey's vigorous ridin', he didn't intend to make an effort which he well knew would be futile.

"This conclusion, mind you, I came to in the light of after events, as you might say. At the moment, I'll admit, I put him down for a bit of a jade—but, sir, I've a way with jades. They put him *up* as arranged accordin' to the programme. *I* bought him for thirty-seven quid."

Mr. Bence at this juncture agreed to split a further small bottle at my expense, and for a moment naught could be heard but the gentle, unobtrusive, yet luxurious sizzling of the excellent Bollinger '98 as it was poured into our glasses.

"Resumin' this heart-breakin' tale," Mr. Bence continued, "which seems almost a sin on this lovely day (for bookmakers), I'll cut out all the rigmarole which deals with Old Sagac—Tickamaddy's early life down at the home stables, contenting myself with assurin' you that when I saw what he could do at home nothin' would have kidded me to take less than a thousand glitterin' sovereigns, as the dud tipsters say, for him. He was a three-year-old, sir, yet givin' weight to my four-year-olds he bowled 'em over like so many cab-horses.

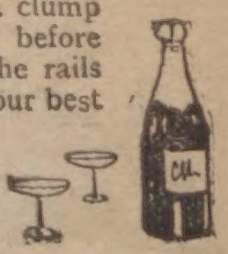
"Now I must tell you that we were troubled, like the rest of my brethren, with touts, and because o' this I learned first of all of Tickamaddy's sagacity. I'd entered Tickamaddy in a big selling plate at Newmarket, in which they gave him a light weight, while the Ring would be certain to lay, perhaps 'twenties' against him, there being a strong market at headquarters, and Tickamaddy's performances had heretofore been small victories—decisive ones—where, precisely as to-day, his fields had been so ordinary that he had managed to win in a canter without bein' headed once.

"But there aren't 'ordinary' fields at Newmarket. I knew the price I could expect against Tickamaddy, unless any of those darned touts observed the trial, and had it done into black and white in the sportin' papers.

"Well, I reckoned it was a pretty good thing for him, but havin' been forced by circs. to look at a 'pony' twice before I entrusted it to the natural enemy of all poor trainers who are sadly needin' a bit of ready to pay the accumulated corn bill, I wanted to see just how much Tickamaddy could give the rest of my string, whereby I might gauge the strength of the investment.

"I put up our best lad on Tickamaddy in that trial, with instructions to see exactly what he *could* do. And out we went in a string on to the Downs, me as usual bein' up on my hack (which is almost as classic-lookin' as Mr. Coventry's). At the usual signal from me they got away in good line.

"As I expected, out goes Mister Tickamaddy with a clear lead, which he held until they came to a bend in the 'course' round a clump of bushes. Then he swerves sudden, and before you could say Billy Higgs he'd taken the rails around that clump of bushes and landed our best



and most valued lad right in the waistcoat of the craftiest tout that ever spied on the privacy of a small trainer of ancient crocks!"

Mr. Bence brought his fist down in a manner that made the glasses rattle and drew a pert observation from the bar-lady.

"But it expresses it," said Mr. Bence, unruffled. "That's how I dealt with the tout. . . . But what price *that* for sagacity, eh?

"Well, I can assure you that we did have the trial pretty much to ourselves after that. I can use my dukes, and the pressin' need of the—the Interferin' Parrot after I'd done with him was two nice pieces of juicy raw beef, and there ain't a butcher within three miles of the Downs.

"The trial? Sir, after the result of it, the race was, on all imaginable form, a doddle for Old Sagacity—and I'd studied that race with the assistance of gin and gingers innumerable, allowin' for half stones in hand, with certain of the clever divisions.

"The race? Well, I was careful to tell the stable jockey *absolutely in the hearin' of Tickamaddy*, that if we didn't win, it meant ruination to me, and disbandin' of the establishment. . . . Perhaps I *was* a fool to lard it on like that! You see it made Old Sagacity over-anxious. (Yes, over-anxiousness has lost many a race afore to-day, but it has been the fault of the jockeys.)

"I remember, sir, pattin' Old—Tickamaddy, I mean—just before he left the Birdcage, and I even went to the length of exhibitin' my trouser's pockets inside out so that he might understand the pressin' nature of the business before him. I'd fairly planked it down on that day with the idea of gettin' right in front financially.

"They got away to a fine start, as you noospaper gentlemen, parrotlike, observe. It was a mile race, and Tickamaddy was comin' along cautious with the rest, very fairly 'there,' as you might say. The favourite—his name was Scamperdale, I think—I could twink him off very clearly through my glasses—was hangin' behind a bit, his jockey savin' him for a dash for the rails, which position he was very far from occupyin'. Tickamaddy—I almost wish those glasses had been a bit less capable of minute detail that day—was, it was plain to see, keepin' his off eye well on the favourite (who was outside *him*), and every time the favourite put on a spurt to gain that inside position legitimately without crossin', Old Sagacity forged ahead too, as much as to say 'Would you, my friend, would you!'

"At last a bunch of three—Tickamaddy, the favourite, and another on the rails (Tickamaddy had *him* well in hand)—drew out clear of the rest, and in the last furlong there was somethin' like a race. Up went the whips on the bunch, bar Tickamaddy, whose jockey knew he had only to sit still to win.

"And then"—Mr. Bence passed his hand over his beaded brow—"the favourite made a last splendid effort. His jockey had been kiddin' like old George Fordham for the last furlong, and suddenly out he shoots with the favourite. . . . Then, sir—oh, then that was where Tickamaddy went and spoilt all by over-anxiousness!

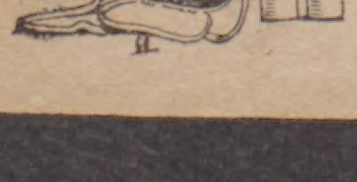
"Easy—beautifully easy—like a bike free-wheelin' down a dangerous hill—Tickamaddy draws out to a level with the favourite. . . . One last strain for superiority on the part of the favourite, and then Tickamaddy, who could, on condition alone, have beaten him by an ample neck on the post, opens his mouth and just for silly over-anxiousness takes a nasty nip at Scamperdale and bumps him half over the other side of the course, comin' on to win triumphantly by three clear lengths!"

Poor Mr. Bence looked at the ceiling.

"'Bumping and boring,' says the Stewards after Scamperdale's jockey had successfully lodged the inevitable objection."

"'Bumping and boring'? Hang it all, Bence, that nag of yours has missed his vocation in life. Think—think what an acquisition, in a real rough North-country game, he'd be to—Sheffield United!"

"But it was merely sagacity, sir—merely sagacity!"



How to Keep in Prime Condition

THE PHYSICAL ASPECT OF ENJOYING LIFE.

In these days the advertiser of proprietary remedies has made us so familiar with all the pains and aches that we have (and with many others that we have not) that we are in positive danger of becoming a nation of hypochondriacs.

Suggestion counts for much in the matter of ill-health. You do not have to go any further to prove this than the fashion that has been in vogue for the past few years of having appendicitis. Most people know that one of the symptoms of appendicitis is a pain, more or less acute, in the right side of the abdomen just below the waist. Therefore, as soon as they feel in that spot the effects of over-eating or of any muscular strain, they jump to the conclusion that they have appendicitis.

MORBID IMACINATION.

If they are wise they pay a visit to their doctor, and in nine cases out of ten he assures them that they have not got appendicitis at all. He has various infallible tests that he can apply to discover whether this trouble is present; I am not going to tell you what they are, because I do not believe that the layman ought to know the symptoms of diseases. The knowledge of them only makes him nervous and imaginative in a morbid way, and serves no useful purpose.

What I want to drive home is that the popularity of pills, the tremendous profits derived from them and the consequent gigantic advertising, has done much to make us a race of quack self-doctors. We study our bodies, we look at our tongues, we wonder whether we are in that state of absolute fitness that the pill-maker alleges he can produce, and in most cases we decide that we are not.

Usually such a decision is wrong.

THE JOY OF LIFE.

Health is a normal condition, of which one cannot be continually conscious. You are cognisant of the sheer animal satisfaction of existence only under certain conditions, as after hard and satisfactory exercise, after a ride on the top of a fast-running electric tram-car, or in certain other circumstances, that may be purely of a mental kind.

The knowledge that you have brought off a successful coup in business, for example, will produce an actual feeling of physical pleasure, and for a time you will feel in the very pink of condition.

These feelings, however, are but transient. It is absurd for a man to expect that continually find a source of enjoyme good health.

I emphasise this fact because I like you to understand that good heal in itself capable of giving you a sense of elation. Nothing can do th are not made to enjoy *continually* the of elation, and it is not sound h anything else that can produce it.

THE MISERY OF ILL-HEALTH.

Prime condition may, however, be negative quality. Possessing it we a to take a brighter outlook upon life, the pleasures that fate may bring to to do our work with satisfaction. it we are miserable in a degree int cording to our malady.

You know very well how a biliou makes you feel that life is a farce, only a sense of duty to yourself and t that forces you to get on with you So also, to a less extent, does poo militate against a man's happiness.

If he is not in prime condition h ready to enjoy those things that are by other men who are in the best o The joke that makes them laugh, his lips nothing more than an insipi He is not a hearty sort of chap; h liked very much by his friends, bec lacks animal spirits, which are con with prime condition. He is not, how be blamed, for it is his health and character that is at fault.

WEEDING OUT.

I wish that the general public wou stand better than they do how much ter, and even morals, depend upon health.

To obtain the infinite blessing of health I should advise you to adopt of elimination. The normal man is If you are not healthy, ask yourself w are doing to make yourself unhealthy. ably you are smoking too much, or too much, or taking too little sleep. Within my experience these are th chief sources of ill-health amongst m

I do not say that you should not sm drink, or that you should sleep the of the clock; but I do say that you if you smoke and drink at all, do moderation, and that you should b careful not to let any matter of busi pleasure infringe too greatly upon you of slumber.

AIR AND EXERCISE.

Besides these points of self-denia should take the finest tonic of all— fresh air combined with exercise. D the exercise be too hard, for that will place a further drain upon your s energy, instead of increasing it. An ea trot in the morning is a fine thing for Get into running togs for it; the play air on your skin is three parts of the you derive.

As for cold baths, I do not recom them at all unless you personally fin stimulating and pleasant.

Use, above all things, self-restrain know better than anyone else can t when you are exceeding the limit of w

If the scheme I have laid down do bring you good health, then there is so the matter with you, and the cure for to see your local doctor.

Whenever you feel a pain for wh cannot account, you should pay him for his fee is well spent. Any sort o doctoring or dosing is a deception snare.

E. L. ROBERTSON, M.B., C

SMILES

you somehow haven't said, and is oddly amused that you should take the trouble so much to heart?

Words may be strong and encouraging, the hand may be swiftly outstretched to raise one to the feet after a fall, but smiles there are more comforting than all.

As for the counterfeit, they carry with them such evidence of their falsity that people would be sensible to discard them altogether. Nothing is so difficult as to assume a smile contrary to the feelings behind.

The smile that would be admiring becomes fulsome; the sympathetic becomes ingratiating; the assured (when actually you are aquake with nervousness) is sickly.

Of grim smiles, sardonic smiles, smiles bitter, disillusioned, and sarcastic, we hear much from novelists, whose property they are by letters patent.

In real life, you know, we call them sneers, which doesn't sound half so nice.

A. G. STORM.

FOR BOXING MEN.

Boxing men are not as a rule possessed of bulging muscles as hard as the proverbial nails. Rather are their muscles like a tiger's, "flowing," as it were, beneath the skin, but, if anything, yielding just a little to steady pressure. But because the boxer eschews the heavy dumb-bell of the weight-lifter and "strong-man," this does not mean that he uses no dumb-bells at all. Here is a good dumb-bell exercise for increasing the power of your "punch."

Use a very light bell—about 1lb in each hand—and, standing at attention, punch out as hard as you can with each arm alternately, swinging your body lightly with the strokes.

Concentrate your mind, the while, on your triceps muscles, and keep up the exercise until you experience a mild fatigue. It is your triceps that imparts power to your punch, and this practice is especially beneficial to it.

SOME FUTILE MALE HABITS.

The scene is a carriage in a tube train. A young man, well dressed, and apparently not ignorant of the fact, gets in and prepares to take a seat. His method of doing this consists of a slight jerk to each of the legs of his trousers which lifts them up about an inch at the knee. In so doing he thinks that he has effectually safeguarded them against the unsightly "bag" which is so objectionable.

But he hasn't. The trousers will "bag" just as much, not at the knee, but an inch or two lower down, which will give them an even worse appearance. The practice of trouser hitching is one of the futile habits common to men.

Another similar habit, which is of very little service, is practised by many men who boast a luxuriant moustache. This is the habit of wearing a network apparatus at night to keep the moustache in order while they are asleep. But these "fixers" or "shields" in most cases work loose when their wearer "turns over," and in the morning the adornment of the upper lip looks very frowsy.

Men who smoke flake tobacco waste a lot of time in carrying the weed in cakes in their pouches, and "rubbing out" each pipeful in turn. It is much more advisable to rub out the whole cake before putting it in the pouch.

THE FASCINATION OF THE MOTOR-BIKE.

A SPORT THE POOR MAN CAN ENJOY.

It is a matter of wonder to many that motor-cycling should ever have come to be considered as a sport. It may be recognised as a pastime, though it is not infrequently regarded by the old-fashioned as a torture, but certainly not a sport.

I know one dear old lady whose undoubted goodness and morality was very much bound up with ideas of punishment, who has seriously observed that if she had to devise the most terrible punishment for the greatest sinner that ever lived, she would put him on a motor-bicycle and make him ride it continually.

People of this type never can and never will realise that a motor-cycle's bark is very much worse than its bite. The machine that makes such a clatter and noise—for unfortunately silencers are not always allowed to be quite as efficacious as they might be!—and which leaves such a trail of dust behind it, is often to be compared with an armchair for comfort, with its luxuriously sprung saddle, its spring forks and broad footboards, its clutch and handle-bar control.

Exactly what is a sport and what is not, I am not prepared to say, and a good definition of the word has yet to be found. But if cycling is a sport, then I claim that motor-cycling is also.

The qualities of nerve, pluck, and endurance are needed, and although the element of rivalry that enters into motor-cycling is not merely one of sinew and muscle, it is one of skill, both mental, in keeping the machine in perfect fettle, and physical, in driving her.

The spirit of rivalry exists not only where there are races or hill-climbs on hand, but in the ordinary way, the owner of his machine takes as much pride in her and is as ready to back her against all-comers as any horse-owner could be.

Every member of a club has his own pet fads, the particular methods of control or brakes and so on that he is prepared to stand up for and to defend—until he is persuaded that something else is more effective.

But, says the ordinary cyclist, motor-cycling is far too expensive a pastime.

It depends entirely on the man and on his knowledge of mechanics. A bad motor-cycle is a most expensive luxury; a good one is as cheap a means of mechanical transport as you will find.

If you start with a well-chosen machine that is in good condition, and if you take the trouble to keep it in order, the running cost is so low as to be almost negligible when you set it against the railway and other fares that you can save by using your motor-bicycle.

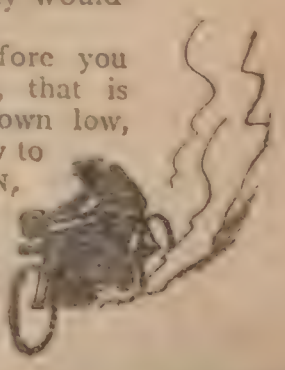
And you are getting into the bargain fresh air and exercise and a knowledge of your own country and its beauties that no railway journey can provide.

The motor-bike takes up no more room than an ordinary push-bicycle, and it has the advantage that it is provided with a stand which enables it to stand independently anywhere.

But if you start with no mechanical knowledge, take the trouble to acquire it before you buy a machine. The reputation for expense that motor-cycling has acquired in some quarters is mainly due to the fact that men will buy a motor-bicycle and expect it to run perfectly with as little attention as they would give their watch.

It is the continual tuning up before you start, and not after the breakdown, that is going to keep the bill for repairs down low, and only experience can teach one how to "tune up" a machine.

C. MARTIN.



KEEPING HARNESS IN CONDITION

HINTS FOR IMPROVING ITS APPEARANCE AND DURABILITY.

I remember once asking a cavalry Sergeant-Major whose broad chest bore as many medals as it falls to the lot of most men to win, what was the most important item in the keeping of harness and saddlery in good condition.

His laconic reply was, "Elbow-grease, sir." That remark was no doubt true, and years of experience had made him an authority on the point, but there are many details that must be learnt by the man who wants to turn his horse out really well-dressed, and many little ways of lessening the amount of "elbow grease" that must be expended on the harness.

In the first place, a good supply of dubbing is essential. Soft soap is used exclusively by many men; but it contains a large amount of alkali, and turns leather so dark that it is advisable to use it sparingly.

Even dubbing does not require to be applied frequently, but the leather must be kept soft and pliable. It is a good rule to lay all saddlery and harness by in dubbing for two or three days every six months.

HOW TO USE DUBBING.

For this purpose the harness should be taken completely to pieces and the dubbing rubbed lightly in after it has been thoroughly washed. In cold weather the dubbing should first be warmed.

Then after two or three days the tallow still left on the surface can be rubbed off and the straps polished with a cloth or brush.

Never wash leather with soda or with hot water, which will soon cause it to perish. Never soak it in water or attempt to dry it before a fire.

The test of the condition of a piece of leather is that the surface should not crack when it is bent round the fingers, but it should be soft and pliant. If polished, the surface should not be marked when touched by the hand.

Harness that is used regularly should be washed frequently with soap and water both to keep the leather mellow and to remove all sweat and loose hairs, which will irritate the horse's skin as soon as it is used again.

The soap should be worked into a lather, and applied with a sponge, unless the article is sufficiently dirty to necessitate the use of a brush. In any case it should be sponged over with clean, cold water afterwards.

GIRTHS AND NUMNAHS.

Girths should be frequently scrubbed, for they will become hard if the sweat is not scrubbed out, and the inevitable result is girth-galls.

Numnahs must be well brushed and dried in the sun after use, and beaten and brushed again afterwards. Any dust or grit adhering to the felt will probably cause a sore back next time it is put on the horse.

The same applies to the lining of saddles and pads, which must also be rubbed with the hand to work the stuffing into its proper place. They may be occasionally scrubbed with warm water and ordinary soap.

Head-ropes, and all other ropes which may form part of a horse's furnishing, should be sponged and washed with a weak solution of pipeclay and water, which will not only keep them in condition and soften them, but will give them the whiteness that adds so much to the appearance of a military horse.

For every-day purposes, however, dry-cleaning will be in many cases sufficient, and a brush and a rubber will be all that is needed to remove the dust and dirt, and a little soap or polish may be useful for certain parts of the leather.

But for all leather that comes into contact with the sweat of the horse cold water and soap are essential. The lining of a collar, if it is of leather as it should be for wear, is a case in point.

As regards bits, stirrups, hames, chains, and all the metal parts of the harness, the secret is to keep them bright and clean by daily cleaning and by preventing rust. It is fatal to give them the chance to rust, and then to attempt to get them clean again.

All ironwork should be rubbed over with an oiled rag before being left in the harness-room or stable, and if wet should be rubbed dry before being oiled.

Silver sand is the best means of getting the metal bright, and the most suitable way of brightening up a chain is to place it with a handful or two of sand in the centre of a piece of sacking or a rubber and fold the latter over. Then two men take each one end of the rubber and shake the chain backwards and forwards inside the cloth.

The friction of the links on each other, aided by the sand, will soon restore the chain to brightness.

CARE OF METAL WORK.

Metal-work of nickel or brass should not be kept in the stable itself, or it will tarnish very rapidly owing to the ammonia in the air.

On the whole, the main secret in keeping harness in condition is to *keep* it in condition, and to give it a rub-up daily instead of letting it get into a bad state and then trying to get it right again.

The hints I have given, if followed by those who have to deal with horses and harness, either in a military or a civilian capacity, will tend not only to the improvement of the horse's appearance, but to his comfort, for to expect a horse to work in harness that is not kept soft, pliant, and clean is almost as cruel as to provide him with harness that does not fit.

And both forms of cruelty are unfortunately only too common.

L. ESCOMBE SMITH.

DO YOU WANT TO SELL

anything from rubber shares to a cricket bat?

DO YOU WANT TO BUY

anything from a motor-car to a pair of leggings?

DO YOU WANT TO EXCHANGE

any of your possessions for something of which you are in greater need?

If so, consult our Readers' Sale and Exchange on page 3 of the cover.

THE NE'ER-DO-WEEL.

A SKETCH.

"He'll never be a bit of good—not this world—a regular good-for-nothing."

Such was the universal verdict, where Mason was concerned, in the vernacular his native place. Sometimes it was expressed in more polished language, but the meaning was always the same. A ne'er-do-weel was Mason.

He was a high-spirited lad, with a for open-air sports, and his relations were to make a clerk of him. It was another ter in the old, old story that a boy must in his father's footsteps as regards his work.

His father was a provincial attorney spent his days in a stuffy little office in a country town. He expected Joe to do likewise. At home the same narrow idea vailed. It was not surprising that he for he was an open-air chap.

At school he had done nothing but reputation for getting into scrapes; had more than one brilliant page counter to his credit. "No head for said his master, and Mason senior grea Fancy a lawyer with no head for figures

Among the things Joe cordially were books, and of all books he hated the musty old law tomes.

"Coke was only fit to put on the would say, irreverently, in reply to commendation of Coke as "a great my boy, a great lawyer."

But if Joe knew little and cared le legal lore, he had plenty of knowledge another sort. He was at home in the and lanes.

He could distinguish the different notes the birds, and he knew all the dark sh little pools where the trout could be found

He had the names and habits of wild thing at his fingers' ends, could not remember the name of legal luminary.

Joe ran away from home and enl last.

"You should have made a farmer of him said one a little wiser than the rest to father. But the grim old lawyer only a shade grimmer. And after that never mentioned in his hearing. He had written down "good for-nothing," and was an end of the matter.

So Joe Mason was forgotten in place like many another lad who for a soldier."

Joe was pretty raw at first, but the makings of a soldier in him and he was turned out a fine specimen of finished article.

He was cleaner-mouthed than the of men in barracks, and when they found that he could use his fists scientifically allowed that he had no need to swear.

A clean upper-cut was a better to an argument than a lot of filthy guage.

Joe had learnt the music of the early in his life, and he hadn't forgotten harmony.

His regiment was drafted for vice and Joe got his baptism of fire.

He took part in several little with refractory tribes, and he did things which brought him under the his superior officers.

Joe also proved himself a brave nobody out there was surprised when his life for the Major's. It was regarded all as a very gallant act, and as worthy V.C. as any other.

As to whether Joe was a ne'er-do-well, that's as it happens to strike you.

ROBERT PRYCE.

THE DRUMMING-OUT OF TROOPER FORDLEY

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

In the North-Country there is a Yeomanry egiment of fine, good, almost grand men. ocally they are known as the "Dread- oughts," for they are built upon big lines. hey are not exotic boys with a taste for such il[illegible] swagger as goes down well with the sex. Their uniform is moderately eautiful in design—plain blue with white ings and shoulder chains. But their collars ast neither royal nor ducal crest.

For all that, when there came a call for en to serve their country in South Africa, t the smallest of the first Yeomanry detach- ents was provided by the "Dreadnoughts." Those of you who have memories will re- ember what all the Generals said of the first aft of Imperial Yeomanry: "Better than e majority of our Regular Cavalry." And any added a complimentary rider to the eet that of that fine body of men the North- untry Regiment, of which I write, were questionably the best.

I have set the foregoing down, so that it y be known that the loyal Northshires—I st, for obvious reasons, thus vaguely ticket em—could upon occasion play their part cellently and cleanly without undue trumpet- unding. Forgetful—manlike—of the girls ey left behind them, they could enjoy them- lves hugely at the game of war, which like ny good things of this life is, in practice, bachelor's game alone.

I have told you that the "Dreadnoughts" re not exotic boys—but they were mostly ung men, farmers, or sons of farmers, essing that comfortable plenty which farm- continues to provide despite the English tate, and the loud whines of the incom- nts who would fail at anything if afforded slightest chance so to do.

The men who raised that Regiment obtained rse men who were Yeomen in the true sense of rd.

Tredegar—"Tred"—Fordley was one of few town-bred men in the unit and the ole Regiment knew that from the first he ok a deep-rooted antipathy to his Captain, g Bardesley Stocker, whom, for all his nbridge finish, he termed a "glorified clod- per." "Tred" Fordley, in short, enter- ned for his Captain all the fine contempt t the town man feels for the sparsely- a'd, tongue-tied scion of the fields and dgerows.

"Tred" Fordley, though only a managing rk in a wine merchant's office, was a ang man of considerable style—a squire of dames, yet one who could hold his own a the gloves against any man in the Regi- nt, for truly has it been said that Mars was ays particularly friendly with Venus.

Now, young Bardesley Stocker, a good rtsman in the eyes of all but Trooper rdley, oft attended unofficially at the head- s' gymnasium, and being possessed of s arms was not averse from trying his luck h the experts. It was in this gymnasium r Fordley's enmity for the decidedly North- untry Captain first saw light.

Responding to an invitation from the Cap- n to put on the gloves, Fordley, the ac- owledged Cock of the Regiment, stepped iling into the hastily improvised ring, ready play scientifically with his opponent. It s to the satisfaction of the magnificent rdley that at least half his Squadron were sent.

The blindest of blundering luck—a thing rtainly counts in boxing—seemed to assist dley Stocker. From the outset he boxed in a style that the playground of his school (behind the chapel) had been familiar with. It was not pretty and there was more straight hitting and chancing things than science about his method of attack.

The end of the first round found the Cock of the Regiment on the rather hard floor.

"Curse it!" said the Cock of the Regiment to his smiling seconds, "I didn't know the little beggar wanted to *fight*."

He had not realised, as a really good boxer would have done after the first ten seconds, that *fighting* was the only sort of boxing Bardesley Stocker knew—if you will pardon the paradox.

Yet, in spite of his knowledge of the fact that the "little beggar wanted to fight" the second round showed up Trooper Fordley to no greater advantage. The conclusion of the third saw him gasping in the arms of his seconds.

Now, the triumph of a leader is always a matter for joy to followers. That the man who held the position of Captain over them was worthy of his title by right of his trusty arms was a circumstance of great joy to the Squadron, who, while being perfectly loyal to their fellow-trooper, afforded the Captain an ovation, which he was at some difficulty to suppress. Half a very happy Squadron of full-blooded young men needs a deal of suppressing.

"I am sure," he gasped, "that Trooper Fordley if in training could easily have beaten me. Besides ——"

The end of his sentence was drowned in the triple cheer that disapproved of his modesty.

Fordley, bruised and alone by the vaulting-horse, muttered things under his breath.

At the other end of the drill hall, where the Morris-Tube targets were, Bardesley Stocker, Captain, still held an almost kingly levèe.

That half-squadron were not exactly Tredegar Fordley's own set. They were the workers as distinguished from the drones. They were smarter at their business of soldiering than at the art of effective cavalry swagger. They made the reputation of the Regiment and did not live on it, while an almost equal half of the Squadron lived on the reputation that they had not by any manner of means assisted to make.

Yet, workers as they undoubtedly were, they were not without their enthusiasm. With them it was something as solid as themselves. Tred Fordley, in a half-savage manner, realised this.

He knew precisely for what that half-squadron stood, and you who are in Territorial Units may realise better than the uninitiated that men who place themselves voluntarily in the service of their country are divided into two classes: the joyous spirits who look on the whole affair as a game, and—it must be confessed, however much the fact may disagree with some—the kill-joys who treat volunteering as one big piece of serious work. In this, as in all other walks of life, the elusive happy medium is hard to strike, and only in rare instances is it discovered.

This may account for the remarks, regarding his Captain, of Tredegar Fordley, alone by the vaulting-horse.

"Transparent little swanker," said he. "I'll be even with him if—if I'm drummed out of the Regiment!"

II.

But the method Trooper Fordley selected for getting even with his Captain was not commendable for its beauty.

Pedantic people might almost have termed it unsportsmanlike. His farm profits not affording a surplus to provide big teas, Bardesley Stocker on the long Squadron ride did not always find it—well—convenient to provide teas for eighty or so lusty appetites that could well spare the single sixpences that his pocket could not nicely afford to multiply by eighty. Yet, a Trooper in his own Regiment often largely entertained some forty of his particular friends. That Trooper was Tred Fordley, to whom rumour began to assign a legacy from a wealthy uncle or some such mystic person. In some "small" Territorial Regiments it is not unusual to find a Trooper in a similar financial position to the Captain, as many of the "better" class learn to obey, before commanding.

Tred Fordley's wealth, however, was largely due to the benignancy of that elusive goddess Good Luck. Also, he was on the list of a bookmaker who paid the money he "lent" his clients with great regularity, and in full, every Monday morning.

Then Good Luck turned her well-shaped back on Trooper Fordley.

The date of the annual training approached nearer and nearer—and with it the doom of Trooper Fordley.

Something "went wrong at the office"—and he found that there was nothing whatever to stand in the way of his attending the first roll-call and the reading of what is facetiously termed the Riot Act on the general assembling for camp.

In addition, the horses fancied by Tred Fordley began to finish among the "also ran." There was a polite note from a Turf protection society that hinted something about a black list in default of payment of debts of honour. This note, Tred Fordley the debonnair, the squire of dames, the smartest man in the Northshires, tore up and cast into the nearest available fire.

This treatment, however, he could not mete out to the official order to attend camp, which came on an inexorable-looking piece of Government paper, with his name typed in the prescribed place. Reading this, there are those who would say why should he wish to evade that fortnight's training—an open-air life, free and good food, and a horse paid for by the paternal Government?

The answer to that is that Tred Fordley, erstwhile "wealthy" young man, was, practically speaking, penniless—and a Trooper to

be popular at camp or to have any sort of "time" must have money to stand his round. It is heroic to keep oneself to oneself—to stay in camp and watch the others swagger forth townwards—heroic. Nothing short of it.

And Tred Fordley was no hero.

The first two nights in the company of his particular set of extravagant friends sadly depleted Fordley's purse.

On the third night he mumbled something about feeling that a rest in camp would do him good.

"Whatever is old Fordley pippy about?" asked his surprised friends.

They cast around in their minds for possible and living reasons for love-sickness and found none. Fordley loved all the fair ones a little and himself a great deal. They could not fasten his indisposition of mind on any one maiden of the county. That it was anything to do with finances never entered their heads. People who possess in plenty find it as hard to imagine penury as the finite mind of man finds it to grasp Eternity.

Nevertheless, for one night, Trooper Fordley fought against fate by strolling around the deserted camp, talking to solitary stable-guards and watching grooms playing half-penny nap by guttering candles.

It was to him a blank evening that, it seemed, he would never, never snatch back from Time. The next night he was Trooper Tred Fordley of the "Dreadnoughts" again—supping with the best of them and caring naught for the morrow.

But that morrow came and with it the evening of the fifth day.

"Coming along with us, Fordley?" asked his tent chums. He had been particularly quiet since the Regimental band had played the final swinging march that afternoon under the big trees of the park that sheltered the camp.

"Later," said Tred Fordley shortly. "I'll join you at Fitt's—in the grill-room at supper-time. In the meantime I've something on."

The wink that accompanied the sentence suggested an *affaire de cœur*.

"Right," said his friends and departed. Tred Fordley sat down upon the camp-chair outside his tent to think. He sat smoking while dusk deepened into dark, and all was still. . . . In Captain Bardesley Stocker's tent a light still burned. The little man had not yet gone over to the mess for dinner. Over by the officers' mess tent the band played a soft, somnolent waltz. . . .

Trooper Fordley took off the box-spurs in his Wellingtons. On such a mission as his, no ostentation was necessary.

Softly he picked his way over the worn grass. He heard Bardesley Stocker, whistling lightly, fling his purse into a japanned dispatch-box. By devious ways and seeming careless questioning, he had learned of his habit from the Captain's groom—an ex-carter to the firm of wine-merchants that had employed him.

The man was evidently well versed in the scriptural text which bids us not to let the sun go down upon our wrath. Through Fordley's action in reporting him for negligence the man had been dismissed by the wine-merchants. At camp, Fordley discovered that the man, Mitchell, bore him no enmity and put it down to the fact that he had probably found some satisfaction in his own defection.

Thus he had remarkably little difficulty in gleaning the fact that Bardesley Stocker out of consideration for the set of his overalls was in the habit of taking his purse from the pocket of his breeches when he changed and leaving it in his tent.

The light in Bardesley Stocker's tent went out and the Captain made his exit.

Trooper Fordley looked round on the silent white cones—now as deserted as the dead moon world.

Unhesitatingly, he flung back the tent flap, groped about and discovered the unlocked and ancient dispatch-box. Grasping something tightly in his almost burning right hand, he walked out again swiftly. . . . Then—voices out of the void and two men springing from nowhere! . . .

"Catch hold of his wrists, Mitchell! That's it. . . . That's got him. . . . Now—be quiet, Trooper Fordley!"

Trooper Fordley struggled in vain and a cloud passing from the face of the moon he saw clearly the features of his Captain and that of Mitchell—ex-carter of the firm of wine-merchants.

"Chuckin' casks about make a feller strong, cocky," said Mitchell unkindly, "even when they *are* delivered late."

Captain Bardesley Stocker said nothing. His face expressed a stern sorrow.

"Let his right arm free, Mitchell," he ordered. "I can hold him."

Mitchell obeyed. . . . Trooper Fordley's arm and clenched fist shot out and caught the Captain well between the eyes.

Together they rolled on the turf, the Captain still holding the Trooper's left wrist.

The groom stood by gaping for a second. Then he came to his senses and hurried to his master's assistance.

"Arm—again—Mitchell," he gasped.

They pulled Trooper Fordley upright.

"Th—Thank you, Fordley," the Captain stammered. "You did as I intended for the honour of this Regiment, which can't admit of thieves. . . . Trooper Fordley, you will be drummed out of the Regiment to-morrow for—for striking your superior officer! . . . Hold up, man! To the guard-tent—quick mar-r-ch!"

"BEST-BREAK" PRIZES.

In most billiard handicaps there is offered, in addition to the ordinary first, second, third, and fourth prizes, a special prize for the highest break made during the handicap. This is often given for the highest actual break, but this is an unfair method, for it confines the best-break prize to the best players, or practically so. The man who gets a long start is not likely to make a big break, whereas the scratch or "owe" man may be expected to do so.

The fairest way of awarding "best-break" prizes is to reckon the proportionate value of a player's break according to his handicap.

A break of ten by a duffer is in its way a finer performance than a break of twenty by a skilful player.

At first sight it may appear rather difficult to determine the relative values of a break of, say, 23 made by A, who gets 50 points in a handicap of 250 up, and a break of 37 made by B, who is on the scratch mark in the same handicap.

But it is really quite simple, like most things, when you know the way to do them.

The rule is to take the actual number of points each player has to make, divide it by his break, when the player having the lower proportion has made the better break of the two.

In this case A has to make 200 points:

200 divided by 23 = 8·6.

B has to make 250 points:

250 divided by 37 = 6·7.

B has the lower proportion of the two players, and therefore his break is the better one.

Another example: In a handicap of 300 up, A receives 120 points, B owes 70 points—that is, he has to score 70 before he begins to count. A's highest break is 27, B's 61; which is the better break?

A has to make 180 points, and, as before:

180 divided by 27 = 6·6.

B has to make altogether 370 points;

370 divided by 61 = 6·06.

B's break, therefore, is just a trifle better than A's.

POWER IN SPORT.

WHAT IT IS, AND HOW TO ACQUIRE IT.

Sportsmen are of all sorts and conditions. There is the keen but inefficient sportsman, the equally keen performer of [illegible] ability, who represents the great majority of sportsmen, and lastly the first-class sportsman. But though the difference between the first and the last is so widely marked in the matter of ability, the essential attribute which causes this difference is surprisingly simple.

It can be summed up in one word—power.

The sportsman in the front rank is a powerful sportsman. This does not mean that he is a powerful man. It means that he has mastered the principle of sporting power—a principle that is common to, and of vital importance in, every branch of sport.

The cricketer who hits a ball to the boundary, the fighting-man who floors his opponent with a crack that makes all the spectators' jaws ache in sympathy, the football back who sends the ball soaring three-quarters of the length of the field, all are unconsciously putting into practice the fundamental principle.

It is not strength alone. A comparatively feeble man who possesses it will do greater things than the strong man who lacks it.

The secret of sporting power is a matter of timing, and it is interesting to consider how the principle affects different sports.

Take boxing. In these days of boxing for points, when one man will beat another in a contest from which both emerge practically as fresh as when they started, power is of more or less at a discount, but in an actual fight it is a thing to strive for.

Suppose a man, however physically powerful he may be, stands facing you, and strikes out at you simply with his arm, while standing firmly on his feet, the blow will be obviously lacking in power. This is because the weight of his body is not behind it.

If he jumps at you, as it were, and drives his fist on your face at precisely the [illegible] moment at which his foremost foot strikes the ground, he will, in all probability, knock you out. It is this co-operation of foot and fist that is the secret of power in boxing.

In the same way, timing is of paramount importance in rowing. What every rowing man strives for, but only few fully attain, is the ability to time one's pull so that it is exerted each time just before the end of the impetus given to the skiff by the previous pull.

If the pull takes place while the boat is only about half-way through the momentum of the previous stroke, it will move with a very jerky action through the water, and if the stroke is late, it will make painfully laborious progress.

In cricket we find the same principle. In bowling, the fastest ball is that which leaves the bowler's hand at the precise instant when the momentum of the swing has reached its highest. That is, as in boxing, at the precise moment when the foremost foot touches the ground. If the ball leaves the hand before this, it will be a slow full toss, if after it is a "grub," and in each case the delivery will be a woefully feeble one.

In hitting a ball at cricket or kicking one at football, the principle is identical. There is a spot on every cricket bat which presents the greatest amount of wood behind it. The batsman striker's object should be to time the downward swing of the bat, so that the impact of ball and bat should take place on this spot and at the exact second when the momentum is greatest. Here again the left foot should touch the ground simultaneously with the hit.

At football, treat your foot as you do the bat at cricket, and you will kick with power.

When a man is a master of perfect timing he is also a master of sporting power.

CECIL VINCENT.

NIGHT FISHING IN JUNE

A NOVEL EXPERIENCE WHICH WILL PROVIDE GOOD SPORT.

...ark, sweltering, hot night. Not a ...d stirs the surface of the river. ... man who creeps stealthily over the ... the water's edge, with a creel on his ... a stout rod already jointed in his ... to himself that the conditions ... better suited to his purpose. ... intent on a branch of the art of ... which is peculiarly attractive to ... devotees, namely night-angling.

... angling at night can generally ... upon to provide bigger fish, and, ... better sport than is afforded ... practice of the art in the daytime, it is ... by no means so widely indulged in; ... and the method of using these ... materially.

... of all, it is a recognised fact that the ... are essentially shy feeders in the ... and only pluck up courage to come ... their holes when night has fallen. ... with their hunger whetted by a fast ... has lasted all through the daylight ... feed voraciously.

... suitable place for night-fishing ... quiet stretch of water—the quieter the ... the bait will be all the more easily ... close to a swift or a weir; and ... of the bait varies according to the ... of the night.

... what we will call a night of medium ..., neither very light nor very black— ... bait is a couple of large garden ... A strong line, and a longer hook ... used in daylight, will be needed; for ... we are likely to try conclusions with ... gentle Izaak quaintly calls "the ... trouts," veterans of the water, and ... prising strength and cunning.

AS BAIT.

... not let your bait sink, but draw it ... quickly over the top of the water as ... it were swimming, and if a trout is ... he will not fail to go for it

... very dark night, a particularly useful ... one which, perhaps, would not com- ... itself to the majority of sportsmen—a ... mouse. Drawn across the surface with ... modic jerks, it will be readily taken, ... the custom of the trout to lie motion- ... the water, gazing upward, in ex- ... of any small animal that may cross ... side of the stream to the other. ... show a decided partiality for mice. ... this, a piece of dark cloth will ... be taken.

AT NIGHT.

... night is fairly light, you shou'd be ... not to show yourself, and the best ... a high-coloured fly, which many ang- ... the "owl-fly," and of which the ... is of a white weasel's tail, with a ... wing. Another useful fly is a ... the body of white mohair, with ... made of a heron's feather.

... tip when fishing at night is, un- ... in the day-time, *not* to strike ... to let the fish have time to suck ... well into his maw. In daylight he ... try to disgorge it by rubbing his ... the pebbles at the bottom of the ... at night-time he is ravenously ... will not discover the hook until ... fixed into him.

... difficulty that confronts the angler ... more to the natural fly than to the artificial variety, is how to keep them alive. Here is a good way of doing it.

Get a large earthenware jar, holding a gallon or more—in fact, as large as possible. Scour it well with water and honey, and then put a quantity of earth, with grass growing from it, into the pot as a lining for the bottom.

PRESERVING LIVE FLIES.

Put your flies in here and cover them over with a fine-meshed net, that will allow of your taking out one or two when required, without the others escaping during the process.

You will thus be able to keep them alive from a month to three months, according to the nature of the fly.

S. JARROW.

SALUTING.

SOME TIPS FOR TERRITORIALS.

The saluting question sometimes bothers new-joined Territorials.

An officer should *always* return a salute. It is the worst of form not to do so, and a private is justified in officially reporting an officer who deliberately ignores his salute.

An officer *always* salutes (or returns a salute) with his right hand, no matter whether he is facing or on one side of the person saluted.

A private, however, salutes with his right or left hand according to circumstances.

If called up to speak to an officer (a private, of course, does not salute an N.C.O.) he salutes with his right hand, as he stops and comes to attention in front of the officer, and again with the right hand on leaving.

But on passing an officer he salutes with the hand farthest away. Thus, if passing the officer right arm to right arm, he will salute with his left hand, at the same time turning his head slightly to the right, *i.e.*, towards the officer.

If without headdress, the private does not salute. If sitting, he should rise and stand to attention until the officer has passed, while if standing about he should again come to attention.

If meeting an officer when bareheaded, he should drop both arms, or one arm if he is carrying anything, to his side, and look towards the officer as he passes.

If two or more officers are walking together, the senior only returns a salute.

A salute should always be given smartly and cleanly, whether by officer or man, but in returning a salute it is enough if the officer raises two fingers to the peak of his cap or his hat, if he is in mufti.

Except actually on parade or on duty of one kind or another junior officers do not salute officers of less than field rank, but the commanding officer is at all times entitled to a salute from all his officers. Cased colours are not saluted, and in general terms no "compliments" are paid between bodies of troops between sunset and sunrise.

"CHINSTRAP."

HORSE FACTS.

Chestnut horses, like red-haired people, have earned the reputation of possessing more than the usual amount of temper. It may not be true of red-haired men, but it is true of chestnut horses. Don't ride a chestnut unless you are a finished horseman.

* * *

A fast walk in a horse is faster than a slow trot. A horse can walk five miles an hour, but a jog-trot may amount to little over four miles an hour.

* * *

When a horse is walking you hear four hoof-beats regularly repeated.

* * *

When he trots you hear only three.

* * *

So also in the gallop—there are but three sounds to be distinguished.

* * *

At the canter you can pick out four hoof-beats.

* * *

Racehorses don't gallop; they run. A galloping horse see-saws from head to tail, but a racehorse goes more like a running dog, at full stretch.

* * *

In speaking of a horse's height, a "hand" means four inches.

* * *

For a man of average height a cob of about 14½ hands is more comfortable to ride than a horse of 15 or 16 hands.

Carriage horses are usually 16 hands; cab horses are seldom more than 14½.

* * *

A bay horse is of a reddish-brown colour, with black mane, tail and points. Sometimes it has a white blaze or stocking.

* * *

Chestnuts have the mane, tail and points of the same hue as the rest of them, or lighter. They never have dark points.

* * *

Brown horses frequently have dark points. A light brown may reasonably be confused with a chestnut, especially when clipped.

* * *

A roan is a horse whose body colour (whether it be brown, bay, or chestnut) is flecked with bluish-grey.

* * *

A strawberry roan is a horse having bluish-grey spots on a bright bay skin.

* * *

A piebald has patches of black on a white ground.

* * *

A skewbald is splashed with brown on a white ground.

* * *

Insanity is just as possible in the case of horses as in the case of men. A horse that was even-tempered may suddenly become a devil. If this happens, get rid of him.

* * *

Remember that a horse likes being petted and made a thorough friend of.

F. SIDNEY WORTH.

A WORD TO THE CAPTAIN.

FRIENDLY HINTS TO NEWLY-ELECTED CLUB OFFICERS.

The spring season has seen many a meeting of the clubs. Cycling, cricket, tennis, rambling, walking, sports, and innumerable other clubs have met together to consider the coming season and to elect officers.

In many cases the old officers have resigned. Pressure of business, removal from the district, marriage, and many other causes have brought about their resignation.

The business of the club, whatever it may be, has to be carried on in spite of these regrettable occurrences, and in spite of the severance of old and strong ties.

There has been competition for the posts that are vacant, and a ballot has in many cases been resorted to to settle the relative strength of all the aspirants.

The results have been declared and the recorded votes announced. The contest for the captaincy has been keen, as it should be, and at the top of the poll your name has been read out, with a majority of votes.

Long before you have fully realised all that your new triumph will entail, you are on your feet surveying, in a sort of general glamour and excitement, a sea of friendly faces, recognising none individually, but feeling that you owe the entire body of members some expression of your gratitude for the honour they have done you in choosing you as their leader in their coming contests.

Then the meeting breaks up, and after the usual formalities you all disperse.

Not until you reach the privacy of your diggings, and when you have shut the door upon the world in which you move, do you begin to think seriously about the duties and the difficulties of the post to which you have been elected with such a display of unanimity and enthusiasm.

It is more than probable that in the course of previous seasons you have thought over things pretty often, and you have come to the conclusion that there are many changes that would make for the greater efficiency of the club.

You may be right. It is more than likely that while the responsibility of an office-bearer was not yours there were many things that seemed to you to call for alteration or abolition.

Let me at the outset advise you to think twice or even thrice before you even suggest any change.

Do not let the idea gain possession of you that it is a captain's business to sweep away all that has been respected and found serviceable in the regime of your predecessor.

The desire to act like a new broom and to sweep clean is a very natural one, but it is seldom justifiable to act on the desire.

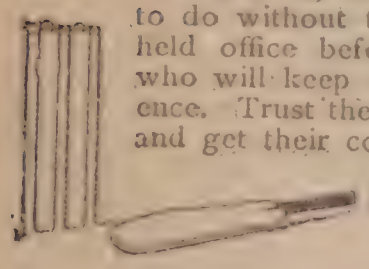
Your object should be to preserve all that has made for the success of your club, and to carry it on with as little alteration as possible.

Do not run away with the idea that you are expected to come along with a brand new set of ideas for the conduct of your club's business. It is far better to continue to exercise your rule for a long time according to the old plan, and to be chary of introducing any new plans until they have been carefully thought out.

This is not only due in courtesy to those who held office before you, but it is necessary to enable you to get a firm grasp of all the ropes that have to be pulled from time to time in order to keep things going smoothly.

Above all, do not be so self-confident as to do without the advice of those who have held office before you. They are the men who will keep you off the rocks of inexperience. Trust them absolutely; depend on them and get their co-operation.

E. BROWNE.



MY NOTEBOOK.

A READER'S REGRET.

A Bradford reader sends me a letter which is generous, enthusiastic, and yet a little unkind. "I am interested," he says, "to learn that you have turned your business into a Company, and I have already forwarded my own application for shares. I knew that some day you would form a Company, for when a business gets big it always becomes a Company, but I am sorry all the same, though I congratulate you very heartily on your success. I am sorry that the paper is now to be run by a Company, because I am afraid that the present tone which I have liked so much will now be missing. I don't think, however, that your "Notebook" could be produced by anyone but yourself; no Company or Syndicate could do that."

NO DIFFERENCE.

I should have thought that my Bradford reader, like all my other friends, would have known by this time that the paper means too much to me to be lightly dropped. I explained very fully the reasons why I formed my business into a Company, the chief reason being that it had grown so much that I considered its future development should be more rapid than I alone could make it. As to my allowing the paper to become like one of the publications issued by the large publishing trusts, I think that my reader can scarcely know me if he seriously suggests such a thing.

In these rambling chats, in which I have told you so many things, and in which I have doubtless told you at times much more than I should have done, I think it has been made fairly plain what the conception and existence of this paper has been to me. It has been my life's work, and it is scarcely likely that I should give the control of it into other hands now.

As a matter of fact I personally hold all the Deferred Shares in THE MODERN MAN, LIMITED, amounting to slightly over half the total capital of the Company, so that the control of the business remains as formerly in my own hands.

Editorially, things will be just the same. My solicitors pointed out that the personal element counted for so much for the success of this paper that they considered it advisable for me to enter into a contract with the Company, in which I should promise to give my services for a definite period. Their argument was that if there should remain any doubt in my readers' minds as to my continuing my intimate connection with the paper, the applications for shares would be smaller than they ought to be. Realising this, I at once signed a contract, binding myself to act as Editor of this paper for a period of at least ten years.

I think I have told my Bradford reader, and any other who may think as he does, sufficient to convince them that the paper means as much to me now as it ever did, and also that it shall have my very closest and most personal attention.

FOR COLONIAL READERS.

The sales of this paper in the Colonies, are, as I have already said, very satisfactory, and I appreciate immensely the support that has been given to me by British readers overseas.

It is something to be able to say with truth that THE MODERN MAN is to be found wherever the English language is spoken.

I regret that delivery should be so late in many of the Colonial centres. I have expedited matters wherever possible; but there are still places where THE MODERN MAN is not to be obtained until three weeks after its publication.

Those who have been assisting me in the technical and legal arrangements for the formation of the Company were good enough to remind me of these facts. I did not need to be reminded of my duty to my Colonial readers, and I at once gave instructions that several thousand 2s. shares in the Company should be reserved for their benefit.

On page 2 of the cover I reprint the application form for shares, and the shares that I have held in reserve will be open until the most remote of our Colonial readers have had time to respond.

I want them all to be my partners in actual fact as well as in sentiment.

A MATTER OF MASCULINE FRIENDSHIP.

I have before me a letter from a reader, in which he deals in a most interesting way with the subject of masculine friendship, which, as you know, has always been a matter of very keen interest to me.

"I have a friend," he says, "with whom I am constantly falling out, often over trivial points.

"The various tiffs I have had with him have been most painful to me, and some time ago when we were talking about the subject we decided that it would be better for both parties to spit out a grievance the very moment it was felt instead of nursing it up.

"It was usually I and not he took offence, and the arrangement was therefore one more for my benefit than his. It seemed a sound idea, and I thought that it would remove all possibility of future trouble. I discovered, however, that it is absolutely impossible for me to mention every trifling grievance or supposed slight at the moment of its occurring.

"Could you, with the knowledge you possess of men, give us some assistance? What may seem a little thing to you may be a very big thing to me, and I want to him. I would give all I possess that would secure our coming to an understanding and complete understanding of each other."

AVOIDING QUARRELS.

I have seen it stated that true friendship exists between schoolboys, but not between a man and his sweetheart. I do not think that it is true. It can, and does exist between men who are in every sense of the word grown-up.

Personally, I consider it a splendid thing—a divine—thing. In some respects it may surprise you to learn it, I have a tender heart as a girl, and I can most cordially with my correspondent.

As he asks my advice, I had better give it to him. Here it is. Masculine friendship will not bear argument, reasoning or explanation. Don't suppose you will put differences right by upbraiding him for the slights you imagine you have received at his hands.

Hold your tongue about them. There is dignity and a bravery in silence, when you come to think it over. He didn't mean to hurt your feelings; forgive him without asking his assurance that he meant no offence. You give offence just as he does. He has the pluck to hold his tongue about it. It will give you peace of mind and will make your friendship the more pleasant if you do the same.

You can argue about friendship with a girl, and explain things to her. You cannot do it to a man, however much you may like and value his opinion of you.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

"HOLDS" AND "THROWS."

ATTACK AND DEFENCE IN WRESTLING.

In view of the fact that there seems to be an increase of popular interest in wrestling, a good many of our readers may welcome a description of some of the more intricate and least known "holds" in the sport.

Apart from the Graco Roman style, which a well-known English sportsman describes as only another form of dog-fighting," and in which many "holds" common to English wrestling are forbidden, the "back-trip" is a fundamental throw of almost every style. It is performed by getting one's leg behind one's opponent's heel on the outside; but most men make the bad mistake of doing it with the right leg. Back-heeling should always be done with the left leg, and as near the ground as possible.

Anything on the way to resist this throw may be put out of place. If you feel that you are being back-heeled, slacken your hold and strike with all the strength at your command. If you allow yourself to be thrown back nothing can save you from going down.

The "inside click" is a useful throw. To perform it face your adversary squarely, and step quickly towards you. Instinctively he steps forward with one leg. This action on his part is of service to you in that it affords you an opportunity of tripping him. In doing this, you should hold him as closely as possible and apply your weight and strength to throw him down.

Although the stroke seems easy in theory, practice gives it quite a different complexion.

A combined "hold" and "throw" calling for considerable strength is the "hype." You take a firm grip, and, stepping forward with your left leg, lift your adversary bodily. Turn him slightly to the left, and take care that his feet are off the ground all the time. Place the inside of his left leg simultaneously over the left knee; and, if you have performed the stroke correctly, he will have no choice but to fall flat on his back.

Most of us have heard of the half nelson, but very few know what it is, or how it is put into practice. It is a stroke that hails from Lancashire, where it is generally used in conjunction with the "heave."

To bring off the half-nelson you grasp your opponent by the right wrist with your left hand, and place your right hand under his neck. At the same time, seize him by the right leg, and press his head forward; and then, releasing his right hand, clasp him round the waist from underneath with your left hand. In this way it will be fairly easy to heave him over your shoulder.

Perhaps the best-known form of the "throw" is the "hype." Put your right arm round your opponent's right shoulder, and reach forwards towards his left loin. Simultaneously, put your left arm under him so as to get hold of his left elbow. This will enable you to make him perform a complete somersault.

Sometimes in the "catch-as-catch-can" style, which closely approximates to the Lancashire form of wrestling, we have seen a man dashed heavily to the mat, and we have wondered how it was done. Probably a form of the "Lancashire lock" was brought into play.

When both wrestlers are on all fours one will, perhaps, contrive to get underneath the other. Then, by taking hold of his opponent by the thigh and lifting him up high he can often dash his man to the ground with as much violence as he cares to exert. The "Lancashire lock" is, of course, a "throw" which requires immense physical strength.

E. MARSTON.

HIS PROPER PLACE.

Manager: "That young nephew of yours is a sleepy sort of fellow. What shall I do with him?"

Merchant: "See if you can't find room for him in the night-shirt department."

EXPERIENCED.

"Jones is a beastly outsider, don't you know," said the snob at the club.

"I've always found him a decent, interesting sort of chap," replied the sensible man. "What's the matter with him?"

"Well, don't you know," resumed the first speaker, "he was only a steward on a Channel steamer before he accidentally came into money. He's never had any bringing up."

"I daresay you're right," replied the other, "but I imagine he's *seen* a lot of it."

HIS WAY.

"I shouldn't cry like that, if I were you," said the benevolent old gentleman to the little boy who had hurt his thumb.

"You needn't," replied the little boy. "You can cry any way you like, but this is my way."

THE SNUB POLITE.

The youngest subaltern brought out the very latest in silk handkerchiefs. It was ornate with much embroidery, and heavily perfumed. Languidly he applied it to his perspiring brow.

"Your sister's, I presume?" said Kitchener, indicating the offending handkerchief.

"Not at all," replied the youngest subaltern. "My own. I've rather a nice taste in handkerchiefs, you know."

"Um!" said Kitchener. "May I ask what's your taste in hairpins?"

TACT LACKED.

"I've had a capital time," said the departing guest. "Never enjoyed myself so much in my life."

"Glad to know it," said his host. "I'm only sorry that the rain kept all our most interesting people away."

EASILY EARNED.

"Do you know where Tommy Tiggs lives?" asked the new Sunday-school teacher of the little boy.

"He's not at home," replied the little boy, "but if you give me a penny I'll find him."

The penny changed hands.

"Thanks," said the little boy. "I'm him."

TOY DOGS.

AND SOME USEFUL RECIPES.

The hardiness of the Pekinese is one of their best characteristics. They will live out of doors without artificial heat except in the very coldest weather, when room in the kitchen or stable or some building attached to the house should be made for them.

They are prolific breeders and there is quite a considerable amount of money to be made by raising them. Champions are not bred every day, but the "pot boilers"—I mean the average dogs—will readily sell for £3 or £5 to people smitten with the craze for the Pekinese.

Now the colour of this breed is generally a self colour—either mahogany red or fawn—or black and tan, but although colour is supposed not to be taken into consideration when they are judged, self-coloured apricot-fawn is a very charming addition to an otherwise perfect specimen.

The lion-like appearance of the Pekinese—produced by its heavy mane—is one which strikes most people as being quaint.

Pomeranians also repay the trouble which they give to the breeder.

They may be black, brown, white, orange, or sable.

They are possessed of far more intelligence than the Pekinese, though their bark is apt to become irritating.

* * * * * * *

A reader asks for a timely recipe for mange ointment.

The best I know of is made up as follows: Oil of tar one part, flowers of sulphur one part, and lard six parts. Mix well and apply daily.

For a mange lotion I would recommend this recipe: Spirit of tar one part, spirit of turpentine one part, and olive-oil one part. Mix this well and apply at periods of four to five days and wash the dog in between.

A very reliable dressing for mange in small dogs is the following: Sulphurated potash half ounce, glycerine one ounce, and water to one pint. Apply on alternate days.

For worm pills the following is a useful recipe: Santonine ten grains, areca nut twenty grains, and treacle. Give this to the dog when he is really hungry.

A very big dog will require two such pills.

JAMES MEDWAY.

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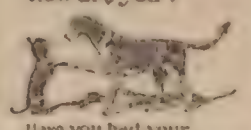
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RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE

Conducted by
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

ATHLETE'S SUMMER DIET.

It is a mistaken idea that the various seasons call for radical changes in a man's diet. Such is not the case, and any attempt to make such change without special knowledge of food values will as likely as not reduce a man from fitness to unfitness.

It can safely be said, however, that all fruits and greenstuffs in their season are valuable for the maintenance of health, and to this extent summer brings a change without any effort on the part of the athlete.

What is advisable in the hot weather is to eat less rather than of different foods, for the heat of the body always depends largely on the amount of food consumed.

In winter the body has greater heat-producing work to do and fats are invaluable; but when the trouble is to keep cool by night or day, it is not necessary to eat fatty foods at all.

Still, the strength must be maintained, and a man's usual food, with plenty of seasonable greenstuff and fruit, and fewer rich or fatty dishes, will see him through all right.

Athletes should at all costs fight against the strong- temptation to fly to liquids on the arrival of a hot day or two. It is this indiscriminate swallowing of anything cool—not cooling, you will note—that brings down a man's condition like rain in a thunderstorm.

The tissues are overloaded, muscles are made flabby, and the whole body seems heavy and inert.

Moreover, if the inclination to drink, drink, drink, is fought for a week at the first burst of hot weather, the craving will die away, as the body of its own accord accommodates itself to the altered temperature.

The best cooling drink I know is a cup of hot China tea, sipped as hot as possible. After drinking it you will feel, for a very short time, a good deal hotter, but in a quarter of an hour or less a delicious coolness and refreshed feeling will come over you.

One cup is enough.

COUPLED HANDS.

Here is a fine exercise which goes a long way towards giving a man massive shoulders, a well-formed chest, and shapely, muscular arms.

A resistance exercise that should be done quickly.

It can be practised at any hour, when dressed or undressed, and requires no space or apparatus.

Clasp the hands as shown in the illustration, with the fingers of the upper hand enclosed in the palm of the lower. Take a firm grip, and then begin the exercise proper.

This consists of a to-and-fro sawing movement of the clasped hands from one side to the other. When the hands are at the left side as shown, the left elbow should be about

level with the shoulder or a little lower, and the right fore-arm drawn firmly across the chest, and the right biceps pressed close against the body.

The utmost resistance should be put forth in drawing the left arm across the chest and extending the right.

At each change of position this resistance should be kept up, the whole of the arm, neck, shoulder, and chest being involved in the struggle.

It is an excellent plan to keep the tension at a high point and work the hands to-and-fro at as rapid a pace as possible. This gives all the muscles quick work, and brings them into co-ordinated activity.

In any case the strain must be a continuous and not a spasmodic one.

The resistance can be regulated according to the desire of the exerciser. He can pit one arm against the other and let them fight it out, or he can regulate the resistance or the pulling to meet his special needs and to improve the weaker action.

Chest muscles are also wonderfully strengthened if the exercise is properly carried out.

CHEST EXPANSION.

Very useful exercises can be carried out with the aid of a couple of stout, fairly heavy volumes from your bookshelf. Books selected for use should be, above all, of considerable thickness, for a thin book makes no demands upon the grip of the fingers.

Take down two volumes of your encyclopædia, or a couple of fat dictionaries, and hold them with their backs in the palms of your hands, and your fingers and thumb enclosing them.

Hold them firmly.

Slowly raise them in front, to the level of the shoulders, drawing deep breaths meanwhile.

Next, lower your arms again and with a really severe effort force your hands and arms as far as possible behind you and hold your arms and shoulders rigid. At the same time keep the chest thrust well forward, expanded to the utmost.

Books as dumb-bells.

The wrists, when behind, should be twisted as far as possible in both directions in order to give them as much play as possible and to give relief to the aches that will follow the thorough carrying out of the entire exercise.

The books being gripped all the time, the arms can be brought to the fore again and raised above the head, extended on either side, bent at the shoulders, and indeed put through numerous other movements.

Remember at all times to keep a good grip of the books, for this will have the effect of tensing the arm muscles.

EXERCISE IN SUMMER.

Having referred above to the subject of summer diet it will be as well to add a word on summer exercise. By this is meant the special exercises that the physical undertakes with a definite object in

In the heat of the dog days the culture enthusiast may well be pardoned thinks and feels that the exercises he himself make too great a demand waning energy while the weather is vating.

If, however, the exercises are ried out the first thing in the mo last thing at night, the time sp will not be taken from the h wants for outdoor life; nor will ried out when he is too hot and anything.

It is not a bad plan to put in extra time at the exercises in the ing and to abandon them at night autumn.

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17057	... ...	30	0	0	18458	... ...	63	2	6
17078	... ...	48	15	0	18569	... ...	20	8	9
17106	... ...	20	0	0	19223	... ...	86	5	0
17186	... ...	15	12	6	19692	... ...	202	10	0
17225	... ...	20	0	0	20301	... ...	20	12	6
17437	... ...	10	0	0	20537	... ...	370	10	0
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BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

BOTH SIDES.

There is an ever-present factor in business life that the point of view of the employer and that of the employee may be one perfectly antagonistic.

Too much talk of "both sides of the question," whether in shop or office, is disastrous to obscure the one cardinal fact that all men in one concern or firm who have, or should have, one aim only—the success of that business. The relative position of master and man does, however, introduce a certain element that looks like a conflict of interests. To the employer only one effort available, and that is the acceptance of the principle of compromise founded on a frank acknowledgment of common interests in great and diverging interests in very small matters.

The conflict is one that ranges through the whole business world, and is not confined to any one office. Between one shop and another it is often allowed to do incalculable harm. On a shop window I recently observed this notice in large letters: "Do not be misled. We have nothing to do with the shop next door." The shopkeeper who put up that notice has a right to do so, but such a notice is likely to do them harm, as a customer, seeing it, would probably leave both of them alone. The aggrieved man has a just complaint, whatever be the "rights" of the other.

It is on the rock of "rights" that many a strike or lock-out or break up. Take the matter of hours—overtime, lunch hour, and so forth—about which there is more friction and annoyance than on any other matter of industrial discipline.

From the employer's point of view the man who shows an extreme punctuality in leaving the office at lunch time is not the man who will be first for promotion. The employee will swing out of the office, though the work in hand is pressing and demanding, with an air that says: "I have my right, though business is business. If I don't look after myself I shall be left behind."

The employer reports that whatever profit comes to the firm through a little voluntary overtime will come without his aid. His employee will rightly conclude that a change will certainly benefit his office, and may benefit the employee.

The short-sighted employee is apt to argue that his employer often takes an hour and a half and even two hours in the middle of the day, he is, at least, entitled to an hour. Now if he could follow his employer he would often find that that long lunch interval, though it may have been spent in a tip-top restaurant, was the means of bringing extra business, which, after all, is bread-and-butter to the firm.

The wise employer tacitly allows his men that custom has ordained. Tact and consideration for each other are the safest means of safeguarding their own.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express. —EDITOR.)

STOCK AND SHARE DEALINGS.

I return to this subject owing to the constant inquiries I receive from readers. They ask, whom should they deal with—an inside or an outside broker?

It is the character of the deal that matters. If it is real investment, or if you mean to take up the stock—by which, I mean, of course, pay for it outright—then go to an inside broker—*i.e.*, a member of the "House." He is subject to the discipline of the committee of the Stock Exchange, though, as I pointed out last week, that Institution has no legal Constitutions. If, however, your business is of a speculative nature—meaning generally, that you do not want the scrip, and that it is a deal for differences only, then it will pay you to go to an outside broker of good reputation and financial standing. But remember that bucket shops considerably outnumber reliable firms of this class, and the difficulty with the public is to distinguish between the two. My advice to the many correspondents who ask my opinion of a firm, often a bucket shop—when they have already dealt—is inquire before you deal.

RHODESIANS.

Mr. Abe Bailey—who has quite naturally taken the place of Cecil Rhodes, whose dream of a United South Africa has been realised by recent events—is now in England, and, of course, he has been interviewed as to South Africa in general and Rhodesian mines in particular. Mr. Bailey is a strong man, though he hasn't the Cæsar-like visage of Cecil Rhodes. But your strong man is not always imperial-looking. It is said of him quite truly in City circles that he leads the market instead of letting the market lead him. He is optimistic about Rhodesians. Anyhow, they are in a vastly different position from what they were a few years ago, and the mining industry can go straight ahead—which is something. He sums Rhodesians up by the remark that they are now an investment, while once they were a speculation.

AMERICAN RAILS.

Yankees have come a cropper all along the line. It was an exceedingly bad break in the space of time. Personally, Yankees interest me immensely, they are so full of surprises. The speculator in this market is never bored, even if he's losing money. This sort of thing usually scares the public from speculating, whereas it is just the time to buy. There is sure to be a bit of recovery all round, and a big recovery on some stocks.

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AYWARN RUBBER AND COTTON ESTATES, LTD.—"GENERAL READER."—I have no information by me concerning them, and, therefore, cannot say anything one way or the other. There are so many Rubber Companies—new promotions of one character and another—that in the absence of any definite knowledge I do not feel justified in expressing any opinion. I am quite prepared, however, to give you my views it you will forward me what information has been submitted to you.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

FROM MANUFACTURER TO CONSUMER.

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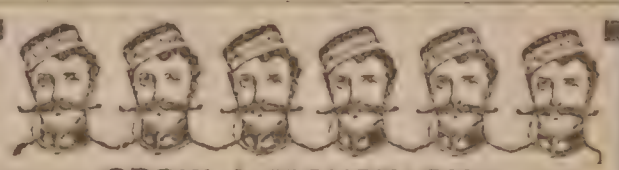

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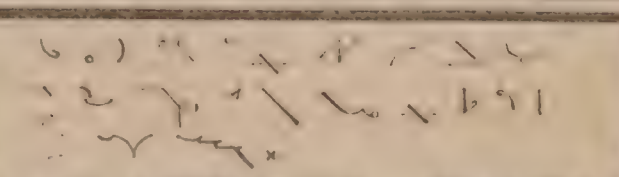

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WEEK-END WISDOM.

POINTS THAT MAKE FOR ALL-ROUND ENJOYMENT.

This is, above all things, the age of week-ending. The ever-increasing rush tells us that the Saturday-to-Monday habit is with us for good, however much people of the old school may rail against it.

Considering the fact that this habit has been growing in popularity for a considerable number of years past it is rather remarkable that only a very small number of men know how to enjoy a week-end to the full, with a minimum of expense.

For instance, a surprisingly large number of week-enders make the mistake of going too far away from their homes on their jaunt. This means that they waste a lot of time on the journey out and home which might otherwise have been devoted to active enjoyment.

Take the case of a man who lives in London and who is kept at his office until 1 p.m. on Saturday. It is quite likely that he will go by some excursion train at fairly cheap rates to, say, Torquay.

This means that he will spend at least three hours of Saturday afternoon in the train. Allowing him time for lunch in London and for catching the train, he will not reach his week-end resort before six o'clock.

In the same way he will have to start home fairly early next day so as to have a good night's rest before starting work again on Monday morning. Say, then, that he sets out for home at six. This means that his week-end has dwindled down to one day, as far as actual enjoyment is concerned.

Why not go to some quiet country place, for preference a riverside village, not more than fifteen miles from your home? You could get there in an hour or so after knocking off work, and you would not need to start home nearly so early next day. The length of your "week-end" then would be considerably increased.

Most men, too, overburden themselves, when on these short holidays, with an unnecessary amount of clothing.

All that you need for a Saturday-to-Monday outing will easily "do up" into a brown paper parcel that will go into your pocket. One collar for each day that you are away, a spare handkerchief, and a toothbrush will be all you want.

If you are a very particular person, you can add your soap to the contents of the package, but the average man is quite contented with any kind of soap that fortune may put in his way.

Don't try to cram too much exercise or sight-seeing into your week-end. It is a very common tendency nowadays, but it has the effect of making you, in some insidious manner, discontented with your holiday.

Though you have done a lot—caught fifteen pounds of coarse fish in one afternoon, been over the "ruined castle," had some splendid swims, and so forth—yet you are a prey, when on the homeward journey, to an insistent feeling that you might have managed to get more real enjoyment out of the short time at your disposal. This is one of the most unpleasant feelings that it is possible to experience.

Again, you may find yourself with what you feel is an inefficient supply of money. But don't let that fact worry you. Make your stock of money do. Do not go to some lively fashionable resort where all sorts of expensive shops, restaurants, and houses of entertainment will hem you in at every turn.

Go rather to some secluded country village, or seaside place where you will be able to obtain sport of a varied nature for the least possible outlay.

RAYMOND WEST.

TUG-OF-WAR TIPS

HINTS THAT HELP YOU TO "GET THE PULL."

"Now then—pull!"

With muscles that seem to be almost cracking under the terrific strain, with labouring chests, with sweat pouring off their foreheads, five stout-hearted men loyally respond to the call of their leader and give a great heave, spasmodic but uniform, to the thick rope on which all their energies are concentrated.

Another, and yet another—eyes protruding and backs almost breaking—how long will it last? It seems beyond the bounds of human possibility to go on any longer!

But hold on! The other side are tiring! One more pull and it is over. Slowly but inevitably, the six men opposed to them are drawn forward inch by inch, and at last the referee, whose watchful eye has followed every movement of the struggle, raises his hand. The tug-of-war is at an end.

STRENUOUS EXERCISE.

There is no more trying ordeal to the general strength than a tug-of-war; and it is strange that it should so long have been almost looked down upon as something beneath the interest of a mature sportsman.

But this attitude is taken up only by people who, to use a common phrase, "don't know what they are talking about," and who would possibly crack up under the strain of the first pull.

The tug-of-war is now a recognised item on the card at almost every athletic meeting, and, indeed, has been honoured with a definite set of rules by that almighty body, the A.A.A.

The rope must be of sufficient length to admit of a "pull" of twelve feet, and for twelve feet slack at each end, together with four feet for each competitor. The teams must, of course, be equal in number. The rope must not be less than four inches in circumference.

WHAT CONSTITUTES VICTORY.

The method of judging is as follows: A "centre-tape" is attached to the centre of the rope, with two "side-tapes" six feet on each side of it. A centre line is marked on the ground, with two lines parallel to it, one on each side, six feet away.

The two teams take up their position behind their respective "side-lines," and, in Indian file, grasp the rope. This, at the start, must be taut, with the centre tape over the centre line, in which case the side-tapes will, of course, be over the side lines.

The pull is won by the team which pulls the side-tape of the opposing side over their own side-line.

Not the least unpleasant after-effect of the average tug-of-war is the scraping off of practically all the skin from the palms of the hands. This is the result of the [illegible] grip which is enforced by the [illegible] size of the rope.

To prevent this as far as possible men rub their hands with vaseline or animal fat before competing, as this should tend to loosen their grip of the rope. they then powder the palms well with earth.

WORTH NOTING.

One of the rules drawn up by the A.A.A. stipulates that "no competitor shall make a hole in the ground with his feet, or in any other way, before the start." But on a cursory consideration of this rule one is apt to throw away one of the most important points in tug-of-war tactics.

The rule says distinctly "before the start," so that as soon as the referee says the word "Go" dig your foremost feet into the ground as hard as you can.

If you have been competing in a match before the tug-of-war, do not forget to change your shoes, for we are told that no competitor shall wear boots or shoes with projecting nails, sprigs, or points.

In the matter of pulling it should be noted that it is not advisable to shift backwards, as some teams do. An experienced combination simply pulls in the [illegible] series of tugs, and takes the [illegible] leader.

EDMUND [illegible]

WHAT IS AN EPICURE?

"What? Dining with Jones to-night, you? Lucky man! I like dining with Jones. He always feeds you so well, and [illegible] Never does anything wrong."

You'll often hear one man say this or that thing to another, and from it you gather that Jones is by way of being an epicure. But, by the way, what is the real meaning of the word epicure?

A standard dictionary gives it as "addicted to luxury"; but this is, on the face of it, a bald and unsatisfactory definition. A man of the slenderest means may be an epicure—indeed, he often is. Every one of the quiet little restaurants of Soho, for instance, you will see men, obviously in straitened circumstances, selecting their [illegible] with a judgment which betokens their good taste. They are experts in the blending of [illegible] drink, or, in other words, epicures.

But the wealthy man who, on sending to dinner, will drink expensive [illegible] his "natives," is doubtless "addicted to luxury"; but an epicure he decidedly is not. Perhaps the most satisfactory definition of the word under discussion is "an [illegible] tronomy."

The man who knows how to eat will find pleasure in his meals, no matter how shallow his purse may be.

On warm days he selects [illegible] dishes—the ones that will give him strength without the after-lunch feeling."

In a word, he is a real epicure.

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COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By ADAM STERN.

SELBY LAUGHS LAST

The sight of Richard Selby leading his new works with [illegible] hands moved Moulden to mirth. [illegible] furnished the chief topic for street-corner [illegible]. It was discussed with gusto in bars. [illegible] "Moulden News" came out with a satirical [illegible] applauding the independence of their [illegible] townsman, and asserted that it would be [illegible]rous to regard his action as the last [illegible]orn struggle of a beaten man; while on the [illegible] page appeared a cartoon depicting Richard [illegible] a greasy pole and shouting "Excelsior."

[illegible] in church the matter did not escape a reference. The mild and well-meaning vicar of St. [illegible]'s unconsciously contributed to the general [illegible]ity by alluding to "the young man in our [illegible] battling so nobly with adversity," and exhorted his listeners to lay the spirit of example to heart.

[illegible] would have been more than human had [illegible] felt the sting of this ridicule, but he had [illegible]od sense to avoid appearing anything but [illegible]ent to it.

[illegible] went to and fro with perfect *sang-froid*, [illegible]-tempered under banter, unmoved by the [illegible]iteful sneer.

[illegible] Jim Graill, his only helper, who fumed, persistently advocated retaliation.

"[illegible] can I retaliate?" said Richard. "I only be thought a bigger fool if I showed I cared. Let 'em laugh if it amuses them. [illegible]ghs best. . . ."

"I suppose you're right," said Graill, reluctantly. [illegible] those grinning devils; they get on my [illegible]."

[illegible] referred to the little throng of loafers who, [illegible] all day long, stood outside the hoarding [illegible] fronted the building site, watching their [illegible]gs and goings with never-flagging interest. Not that they got much reward for their trouble, for Richard promptly shut the extemporised door on entering, and observation of what went on [illegible] was confined to the crevices in the boards, [illegible] work had been in progress some weeks, and [illegible]y scaffolding had been called into requisition when a sequence of petty annoyances began. [illegible]ery morning Richard would find implements [illegible]ttered about, bricks unstacked, planks misplaced, ladders broken, cement watered down to a useless paste. On one occasion the tool-shed was [illegible]ken into and many of the tools stolen. On [illegible] several feet of hoarding were torn down.

"This is better, Jim," said Richard. "This is [illegible]dly better."

"I am glad you like it," said Graill, who was [illegible]ng in return they can get up to any pranks [illegible]ke."

"That's exactly what I want them to think," [illegible]ard.

"But you can't go on lying down to it. Why [illegible] up a notice threatening——"

"Threats?" said Richard. "I don't waste my [illegible] threats."

"They respected you not long ago. That's [illegible] about it. Now——"

"But now," said Richard, quietly, "it's my own [illegible] I am most concerned about."

Graill watched him for a moment in silence. [illegible] remark, plainer than any outburst, indicated [illegible] Richard was privately enduring.

"Well," he said, "it means more patience I [illegible], but patience is damned difficult."

"I [illegible]," said Richard.

[illegible] hoarding was repaired, and a stronger [illegible] put on the tool-shed. And the local [illegible]on of Richard as a fighting force diminished [illegible] by day.

II.

"I suppose you know who is the ringleader in [illegible] destructive game?" said Richard one morning [illegible] putting on his coat prior to setting out [illegible].

"I don't. One seems as bad as another."

"Haggarty," said Richard. "He's outside now. [illegible] you tell his voice?"

"That big, ginger-haired chap?"

"That's the man."

"What motive could he have? He's not even a local. I doubt if he's ever done a day's chain-making in his life."

"Sport, I take it. He's one of the good-for-anything, do-nothing sort. He drifts about the country, taking on an odd job when he must. Not particular about its honesty, either."

"I'm not surprised."

"I've been finding out a bit about him. Three months for laming a keeper at Folgate was his last."

"A vicious devil from the sound of it."

"Not so much vicious as indolent. The touch of the poet in him, I expect. Many of his kind have got it. Coming?"

Graill rolled down his sleeves over his sun-browned arms, got into his coat, and knocked his cap against the wall to remove the dust.

Both he and Richard were roughly dressed, but neither that nor manual labour could disguise the fact that they were clean and well-built Englishmen of the best type. In fact, their general appearance of efficiency was enhanced.

"A dangerous chap if crossed," said Graill, continuing the conversation as he followed Richard to the gateway.

"Yes. I'm going to cross him to-day."

Graill stopped in his stride.

"You are!" Then his eyes lighted. "How?"

"You'll see presently."

Richard turned to him with his hand on the latch of the door. There was a look on his face which Graill remembered well, though he had seen it but rarely.

"Let a man once take the lead," added Richard, "and deprive him of it, and his followers are helpless. I think the time's about ripe for impressing Mr. Haggarty with *my* way of thinking."

"I'm all with you in any trouble," said Graill, quickly, his nerves tingling.

"Goes without saying. No more questions now. Just ordinary. Not even a glance at them."

He opened the door. They passed out and strode away in the direction of the "Hare and Hounds."

Usually Richard kept the door locked in the interval required for lunch. This time he left it open.

Thirty yards had not been covered when Richard gripped Graill's arm, wheeled him about, and marched him back at a quickened pace.

"As I expected," he said quietly.

A man ahead saw them coming, and shouted through the opening. Two or three men hurried out. Two or three remained. Haggarty was several rungs up a ladder.

Without a word Richard seized the nearest man by the collar, ran him to the door, and footed him through. Before the rest had recovered from their astonishment *he had seized another and served him the same.* A further pair made a voluntary exit with more speed than dignity. The last one, barring Haggarty, scampered for the fence at the rear, hoping to escape that way.

"See to him, Jim," said Richard with a jerk of the head.

Jim saw to him.

Haggarty was still up the ladder, watching the change of situation as if fascinated. Somebody guffawed outside; another swore, rubbing himself sorrowfully.

"What the hell are you doing on my premises?" inquired Richard, without the least trace of heat.

A suspicion of humour shone on Haggarty's rubicund face.

"It's admiring the view I am," he replied. "Or, if it's the solid truth ye're wanting, I've been a bricklayer meself days gone, and a ladder has a irresistible attraction for me!"

He laughed, and made to ascend higher, but Richard caught his heel and brought him to ground with a rush.

"You'll get off my property," said Richard, business-like in tone, and business-like in the celerity with which he slung his fist on the other's ear.

Half-stunned, Haggarty felt himself lifted, and progressing on airy toes towards the street, a knee hard as iron assisting the sudden propulsion.

He got up from the gutter, rather bewildered, and for an instant stared stupidly at Richard who, with one eye on him, was unconcernedly locking the door. Then he shut his eyes and charged.

"By gad, Dick!" exclaimed Graill.

But Richard needed no warning. All in one movement he crouched, his left shoulder went down and his right fist came up, the whole swing and force of his body in the blow.

The sound, as it met Haggarty's chin, was like the crack of a whip.

Haggarty's friends crowded round him and turned him over on his back. Richard, his lips white, but otherwise controlled, nodded to Graill. They set off, taking no heed of the gathering crowd.

"By gad, Dick!" said Graill again.

"Six weeks of repression," said Richard, with a short laugh. "Somebody had got to have it."

Behind, several men, after stooping over the unconscious body, lifted their heads and gazed after Richard with fear in their eyes.

III.

That evening, soon after six o'clock, Graill went home to the farm at Darley, according to custom. Richard, those days, was putting up at the "Hare and Hounds."

Dark had hardly fallen when two men climbed over the fence at the back of Richard's premises, and, moving stealthily, established themselves in a certain spot, where a sawing-bench provided a convenient seat.

For more than two hours they remained silent, save for a remark in an undertone now and then.

Then one of them said, "Hist!"

Another form, dimly discernible in the gloom, mounted the fence, and dropped to earth with a thud. Kicking against bricks, and apparently careless of noise, he made his way to the scaffolding, and climbed a ladder to the platform at the top. Then things began to fall.

"Don't seem to mind what row he makes," muttered one of the watchers.

"Been drinking, I expect," returned the other. "Got everything ready? Wait till he turns this way. I'll give the word."

A moment or two later a grating and scratching sound arose, followed by a rumbling crash.

"That'll do. That's what I want," whispered the last speaker. "The beggar's knocking down the walls. Ready? *Now!*"

A blinding light flashed for an instant and was gone. No report answered it, but the man above took fright, slid down the ladder—to find himself gripped in a pair of arms.

With an oath and a violent twist he tore free

and dashed away, scrambled over the fence, and disappeared. The attacker struck a match.

"Not much damage done," he said to the other man who approached, "but it will serve if you've done your part right. I'll come along with you and see."

Shortly afterwards Richard Selby walked into Moulden's solitary lodging-house, an ill-famed den in one of the meanest streets, and inquired of the proprietor for Haggarty.

"Staying here, isn't he?" he said, as one who was certain.

"Down in the kitchen," answered Ted Burton, a shaggy, bearded man, incurably dirty. He evidently knew Richard—as, indeed, everybody in Moulden did.

"But I don't advise yo' to go in," he went on, barring the way. "They're a nastier lot than usual, and that's sayin' some'at."

"It's Haggarty I want to see. Be damned to the others!"

Still Burton tried to prevent him from entering, pressing a palm against either side of the passage and planting his feet firmly.

"Haggarty's ugly," he said; "and they all stand by one another, yo' wouldn't believe. He's bin lyin' in all arternoon——".

"All but an hour ago, when he went out," interrupted Richard. "All right. It's your business to keep mum, but I happen to know."

"I don't deny he's bin talkin'. He to'd 'em all what he was up to, and o' course they egged him on. They allays do. He's boss down there. Richard—*listen!*"

He struggled, using all his weight to keep Richard out.

"He's sworn to put yer light out. He's ugly. Manageable enough sometimes, but once his monkey's up—*Richard!*"

But he was thrust aside.

"Oh, yo' damned fool!" he called out. "He meant to 'ave his own back for that knock-out in his own way, but now——"

"Now he's got the chance," answered Richard, descending the stairs at the end of a passage and pushing open a door.

The kitchen was nearly full of men, most of them grouped round the fire, the atmosphere hazy with heat and smoke. Mike sprawled on a bench with a mug on the floor within reach.

He sat bolt upright on seeing Richard, and then slowly got to his feet.

"You know what I've come about," said Richard.

"It's pleased I am to see ye, Mr. Selby," answered Haggarty. "Get to that door one of ye."

Richard stepped right in and banged the door.

"When I go, you're coming," was all he said.

The door was opened again, and Ted Burton entered, armed with a stick.

"Anybody as starts fightin'," he stated grimly, "they'll be outed double-quick."

"Ye can leave this business to me," said Haggarty, in an unpleasant sing-song. "Mr. Selby, ye wants my company, I understand. Where to, may I be so bold as to ask?"

"The police-station."

"Ho, indeed! What for?"

"Knocking down my premises—or trying to."

"When was that, me dear?"

"To-night. Save your gas. I've got a photograph of you on the job. That'll get you six months, sure as you're a rotten work-shirker."

His tone was contemptuous, and his cool manner disconcerting. Mike looked puzzled.

"By the powers, it's daring ye are, Mr. Selby," he said. "Ye shouldn't ha' left the constables outside. You'd ha' been wise to bring them right in with ye."

"I've come alone," said Richard.

Mike watched him with perplexed blue eyes, his fingers twitching.

"Are ye mad or what?"

"There's a job to be done first. I want the damage repaired by the dirty fingers that did it."

A burst of laughter broke from the listeners.

Haggarty turned on them infuriated.

"Shut yer row, ye scum! It's the offer of one gentleman to another. Is it Mike Haggarty who'd refuse to listen? Mr. Selby," he spat on his hand and wiped it on his knee, "if ye'll shake I'm willing."

Richard shook.

"To-morrow morning at six," he said, moving to go.

"Ye can count on me. I'll work for ye till the finish of the job if so be as ye'll say the word."

"We'll see how you go on," said Richard. "Good-night."

"Good-night to ye."

Haggarty looked round triumphantly.

"What ye got to say to that?" he demanded. "Beats ye all, as ony fool can see."

And sighing the large sigh of conscious superiority, he returned to his former somnolent position.

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

OUT FOR HAKE.

It doubtless happens sometimes—though probably few fishermen would care to acknowledge the fact—that after a certain time spent daily in the p'ying of rod and line, an angler may begin to sigh for a slightly more exciting variation of his favourite pastime.

In such a case, a man might do worse than have a shot at hake-fishing by night. Anybody who has seen a specimen of the *merluccius vulgaris*, to glorify the hake with his specific scientific designation, will understand that he affords excellent sport.

He is chiefly a night-feeder, and his voracity exceeds his caution, so that the sportsman who takes a boat out a mile or so from the shore by night, is not likely to come back empty-handed.

Hake often grow to a very large size, but 15lb. or 16lb. is the weight which is generally met with. The best bait is a whole pilchard or herring, and the hook should be a strong one with an exceptionally long shank, as the hake's teeth are of the most formidable character. Indeed, it is an excellent plan to bind the line for some distance from the hook with very fine wire.

When out on such night expeditions, it is always advisable to take a boatman with you. However good a waterman you may be, it is always wiser, unless you are a resident and know the tides and so forth, to go under the guidance of one who is used to them.

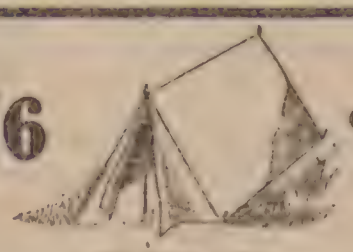
COURTESY.

Courtesy is one of those instruments that bring you big dividends without your having expended anything more costly than a little self-restraint.

If you are in business "on your own," as the sayingi s, courtesy enables you to carry off big deals. If you are only an employee, courtesy is the quality that assures you of being able to hold your job and assures you also of any advancement that may be going.

Anybody can be courteous under favourable circumstances, but it takes a strong man to be courteous when all his instincts suggest his giving rein to his temper.

8/6



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MEDALS.

HOW, WHEN, AND WHERE TO WEAR THEM.

Unlike some other decorations, for example, the Order of the Bath, or the Distinguished Service Order, the Victoria Cross confers no social precedence.

Nevertheless, the V.C. counts before any other Order, decoration, or medal whatsoever. That is to say, when the V.C. is worn in conjunction with other decorations, it always comes first, *i.e.*, is placed on the right of the row of decorations.

All military and naval medals are worn on the left breast, and such civil medals as the Albert Medal and the Board of Trade Medal for Saving Life are also worn on the left breast, and are placed before all war medals.

The Medal of the Royal Humane Society and the Stanhope Gold Medal awarded by that Society, however, are worn on the right breast.

As to precedence, after the V.C. the various Orders and decorations and specific medals for gallantry or saving life, next medals, and last of all medals for long service and good conduct.

The Volunteer Officer's Decoration ranks pretty high, ranking before all war medals and next after the Board of Trade Medal for Saving Life.

The length of the medal ribbon is one inch, unless there are so many clasps that it has to be made longer to hold them.

Clasps add greatly to the value of a medal, for it is quite possible for a man to get a medal without ever having seen a shot fired.

Clasps, on the other hand, are given to commemorate big or desperate battles, and are granted only to those taking part in them. At the same time, the fact that a man has no clasps to his medal does not necessarily mean that he has never been in battle, for in the case of minor campaigns devoid of special features clasps are not usually given.

Medals are only worn in full-dress uniform, narrow strips of ribbon taking their place in undress uniform.

Officers, however, wear miniature medals in mess dress on the lapel of the mess jacket.

Ex-soldiers and civilians who hold medals are often puzzled to know when they may "sport" them in public. Medals should be worn with plain clothes on all State, ceremonial and public occasions.

A "State occasion" is when the Sovereign or his representative is present, and the presence of any Royalty, broadly speaking, makes any occasion a State one.

A function or entertainment given or arranged by a Government department is an "official occasion," while when invitations are issued in the name of any municipal corporation, institution, or society, or livery company, it is to be regarded as a "public occasion."

If you haven't got your medals in miniature, then wear the ribbons only—the riband, as it is more properly called, being half an inch wide for each medal, and about a quarter of an inch broad.

Ribands are worn stitched on, and not on the lapel, but on the left breast of the coat.

In plain clothes the actual medals are worn on the waistcoat, or on the outside of a buttoned-up coat, but the usual practice is to wear the ribands only, either on the coat or the waistcoat.

Where there are so many medals that they cannot be placed side by side in a single row, then they must be made to overlap, or ribands are worn in one row only, but ribands may be worn in two or more rows half an inch apart.

On one side of every medal is the sovereign's head. This is the side which should always be worn in front.

L. WILLMOTT

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

E. L. (Brixton). — Doubtless you have already seen the article on the very subject which you mention, in this week's paper.

F. W. (Salford).—It is a wise precaution always to lock your bedroom door at night. Accidents and designs are thereby both frustrated. Nobody can possibly object.

M. H. T. (Hove).—So glad the advice we gave was accepted, and more so that it has proved successful. Mutual thanks!

J. W. T. (Horley).—If your club does not provide the literature you like, bring the matter before the committee. THE MODERN MAN ought to be on the list.

R. F. C. (Basingstoke). — Strongly advise the expenditure of a little more money on the purchase of a real leather case, rather than that you should purchase a case of any other material. The leather one will last as long as you want it.

W. P. (Woking).—Consult your neighbour. You will easily come to some agreement about the overlapping trees.

M. M. A. (Horsham).—Do not employ a gardener. It will cost a lot, and you will not be able to have him, at the price you name, for more than two days a week. Take up the work yourself. It will soon fascinate you.

T. C. B. (Dartmouth).—By all means come in on your way through London. Shall be most happy to see you.

H. A. R. (Bridgewater).—Your luck is most enviable. Thanks for writing to let us know all about it. It is a great pleasure to know that THE MODERN MAN contributed something to the success of your plans.

Q. D. (Richmond).—Give up your week-ends for a month or so before your annual holiday. You will go away with much keener zest, and you will have time to get all your plans "well and truly laid." You will also save money.

W. W. N. (Hitchin).—For your all-night ramble choose a night when the sunset is quiet and not angry, when the barometer is high and steady.

T. H. (Addlestone).—Even in your photograph the ruddy health you found on the northern hills seems to show. Thanks for letter about your experiences.

C. P. (Amersham).—Open pigeon-holes invite and retain the dust. A desk is preferable, or a row of lockers. Whatever plan you adopt, see that the receptacles for your cuttings, &c., are not open at the back. It is down the wall at the back that the dust falls.

E. H. B. (Romford).—Thanks, old chap, for your appreciation. As to the other matter: "Why fret about to-morrow if to-day be sweet?"

Q. P. (Edinburgh).—Do not drink tea. It has an effect in some cases similar to that of excessive cigarette smoking. Neither the one nor the other is good for you as an athlete with ambitions.

C. B. (Kingston-on-Thames).—The warehouseman cannot sell your goods without giving you reasonable notice of his intention to do so unless you remove them and pay storage cost. If he does not know your address, it will be sufficient for him to advertise his intention in the newspapers.

A. H. (Eastbourne).—Yes, Channel-flying seems easier than Channel-swimming. It is such a big swim, and I know so little of your power and stamina, that I would rather not advise you. It is as much a matter of ocean currents as of your staying power, in swimming from Dover to Calais. Still, it has been done!

C. H. G. (Yarmouth).—It is a heavy responsibility on your part to take a friend for a yachting trip if he cannot swim. Get him to take swimming lessons at once.

J. J. (Brixton).—Keep the roller skates. After a rest you will go back to the pastime with even greater keenness.

S. G. T. (Bath).—It is very pleasant to feel that all your old things—boots, coats, stick, caps, etc., are out of the way. But there will come times when you could kick yourself for your haste in discarding them. Keep an old coat or two, at any rate, for knocking about in.

W. W. J. (Greenwich).—Buy a bag that is not broad even when fully packed. A flat bag is so much easier to carry than one that bangs against the legs at every step.

C. W. (Birmingham).—Look at reply in No. 76 of THE MODERN MAN. It fits your case exactly, old chap. Do not give up.

"ANXIOUS" (Cardiff).—You will not have to pass an exam. before taking a commission in the Yeomanry, but will be expected to pass for certificate "A" in your first year or so. The cost depends on how the officers of that regiment live.

S. W. (———).—There is nothing like paraffin for the hair. If you object to the smell, you can get it specially prepared.

A. E. S. (Abercynon).—League members may have as many badges as they like, at the same price as the first one issued.

C. W. M. (Wherwell).—The address of the Cyclists' Touring Club is 47, Victoria Street, London, S.W.

H. E. W. (Hove).—Thanks for letter. Glad to hear your opinion of the League members you have met. We shall be interested to hear of your experiences when you write again.

A. M. L. (Wantage).—In most corps the sports are held towards the end of camp; but, of course, regimental customs differ.

Private H. E. GALE, No. 4411, 4th Troop, B Squadron, Royal Scots Greys, Aliwal, Tidworth, wants to correspond with a "Tommy" abroad.

H. P. (Bow).—We don't give away correspondents' or contributors' addresses.

F. H. ASHLEY, 40, Wellfield Street, Rochdale, wants to meet a friend of ours who is fond of walking and cross-country running.

A. L. WESTWICK, 8, Gill Street, Nottingham, is anxious to correspond with a cycling enthusiast in his locality.

J. W. T. (Liverpool), **T. B.** (Sheffield), **G. L. N.** (Ilford), **J. G.** (Ottawa), **J. D. H.** (Billericay), **H. E. R.** (Leicester), **F. P.** (Guernsey), **J. S. W.** (Fleetwood), **H. E.** (Inverness), **G. McT.** (Brisbane).—Best thanks to you.

MODERN TAILORING

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There **must** be style and shape in every garment.

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Speciality: Cashmere Suit, TWO GUINEAS.

Perfect in fit and style.

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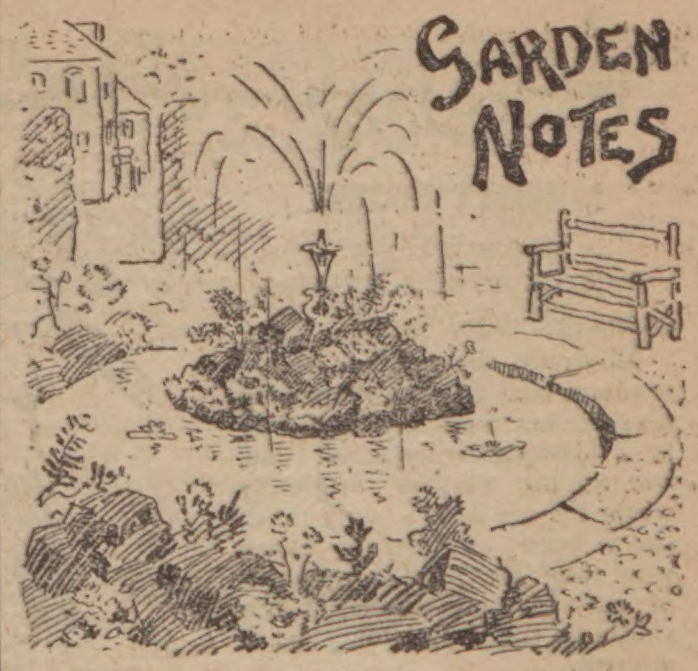


A small water-garden provides a most effective means of giving distinction to a garden, and even in a small suburban garden a small pond and fountain are often possible.

The fountain is desirable in order that the water may not become stagnant. A water-pipe can usually be connected with the house supply to provide the small amount of water which is necessary to keep up a continual trickle.

If the fountain is not desired, a pipe should be laid so as to trickle continually over some artistically arranged stones at the side. This may often be connected successfully with the overflow pipe of the cistern, so that no water is wasted at all.

The pond will, of course, not be complete without one or two water-lilies. The bottom should be covered with a foot or so of good, loamy soil, and each plant set in a small mound kept in place by stones.

A few newts may be put into the pond—they can be obtained from any naturalist, if you cannot catch them for yourself—for they have the curious capacity for keeping the water sweet.

The banks of the pond and the rockery which is often set in the middle can be made perfectly beautiful by planting various Alpine and rock plants in the cracks between the stones. Purple aubrietia, arabis, sweet alyssum, stonecrop and similar plants will soon spread and create a blaze of colour, while mosses and lichens can be used to supply a pleasant background.

A stone-flagged path is most in keeping with a water-garden.

* * *

Before the end of this month all planting of flowers should be finished. Bedding-out plants will mostly be in their places by now, but late seedlings may still be put in.

These should have been standing in the open, night and day, for at least a week before they are taken from their pots or boxes and set in the earth.

Dahlias may now be planted out, but care should be taken not to put them closer together than four feet. They may even be trained against a wall if desired, and this is an unusual and therefore attractive method of growing them.

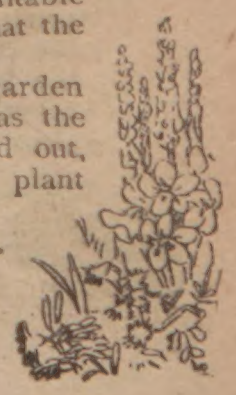
* * *

The herbaceous border will now be full of flowers, and it is advisable to keep a note of the heights, colours and times of flowering of the different plants in case any rearrangement should be necessary after they have died down again.

Especially if any plant is in an unsuitable place should a note be taken of it, so that the defect may be remedied later on.

Hardy annuals, which in the small garden will probably appear in the same bed as the herbaceous plants, must now be thinned out, so as to allow plenty of room for each plant to grow to its full natural size.

C. B. STAINER.



THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

CRICKET TOGS.

No doubt the number of my readers who can find time to play cricket with any regularity is a comparatively small one, but as the clothes originally worn by cricketers only have since been adopted by those who take part in the majority of our summer sports, a few words on the subject may be of interest.

Some men seem to be of opinion that it does not matter what they wear when they are indulging in their favourite game. But though this may be true to some extent in the case of the winter games such as football, where one changes immediately before and immediately after the game, it is certainly not so in the case of cricket, tennis, and the summer pastimes.

White flannel trousers should fit and be pressed just as well as any others. They can be obtained ready-made from any outfitter and most tailors.

They should be pressed, turned up—"P.T.U.," as the cutter's assistant calls it—for rail against it as you may, that is the prevalent fashion, and it is as well to observe it.

The brace buttons, if you have these added—and they are often useful—should be sewn on *inside* the waistband, loops being put on the outside for a belt or sash. This always gives a finished appearance, although many men find it unnecessary if the trousers are cut fairly close in the waist.

The flannel shirt has given place in the wardrobe of most athletes to the shirt of cotton or canvas or of cellular material. That doughty cricketer, the Jam of Nawanagar, whom most of us know still as Ranjitsinhji, used always to wear a silk shirt, and that is no doubt the ideal of comfort, but it is also the height of luxury, and an expensive one at that.

White boots are an essential nowadays for the cricketer, and they are no longer out of the reach of the man whose purse is not a long one, for buckskin can now be imitated so well that there is very little difference either in appearance or durability between the real and the sham.

I am not, as a general rule, much in favour of shams in dress, but real buckskin is so expensive that the imitation has much to be said for it.

HAIR-BRUSHING HINTS.

Although I am principally concerned on this page with clothes, a man's hair is so much a part of the outer man, and plays so important a part in the smartness of his appearance, that a few hints on the subject may not come amiss in these columns.

With the present fashion all in favour of smoothed, flattened hair, many a man is finding some difficulty in making his hair conform to his wishes. Especially is this the case with men whose hair tends naturally to be curly.

Here is a hint by way of remedy. The barber, in brushing your hair, uses comb and brush alternately, the brush following in the same line as the comb, and making the hair lie in the direction of the combing. He also, as a last touch, follows the brush with the palm of his hand. This generally gives the much-sought smoothness and gloss.

CLEANING PANAMA HATS.

A Glasgow correspondent asks if I can tell him how to clean "a *good* Panama hat" which is only soiled with usage.

As my friend emphasises the fact that the hat is a good one, and as he is probably not anxious, therefore, to run any risk of injuring it, I should certainly recommend him to take it to an expert dry-cleaner's. Here you can get the hat made genuinely "as good as new" for a shilling or two, and with a hat that cost a guinea or more in the first instance, this expense is fully justified.

There are two methods of treating the hat yourself, and which one you use must depend largely on the condition and texture of the straw. In either case, however, you are taking a risk, and the result may be permanent damage to the hat.

If the straw is in good condition and closely woven, ordinary soap and water applied with a nail-brush will probably answer the purpose.

Take the ribbon off first and stuff the inside with newspapers or handkerchiefs or something of the sort, and then scrub the surface vigorously without soaking the hat altogether.

The alternative, which is less damaging to the straw, is to use salts of lemon.

The same methods may be applied with advantage to the ordinary stiff straw hat, though in this case scrubbing is most beneficial, and not likely to damage the hard straw if too much water is not used.

CLOTHE YOURSELF
ON THE
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Suits Cut by Experts. Prices from 42s. Instalments 5s. monthly. Be measured at home. Full particulars, telling how, from

THE GOOD WEAR CO. (Dept. 35),
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"THE MODERN MAN"
HANDY TROUSER HANGER.

For fixing at the back of any door, to hold five pairs of trousers, made in strong steel wire, nickel plated. Any pair can be detached from the rack without disturbing the others. Will save its cost with one month's use.

3/4. carriage paid. Worth double.
UNIVERSAL SUPPLY CO.,
26, Balham High Road, London, S.W.

NO MORE SHINY CLOTHES.

Probably you discard your half worn suits when their shiny appearance becomes noticeable. Then you will be interested in a new and ingenious apparatus we have introduced for easily and quickly removing this objection. It is strongly made, will last for years, and more than saves its cost every time used. No chemicals are required.

The price is 1s. 9d., post free.

R. PARKES and CO., 161, Blackburn Road, Accrington.

The 'WAUKEVEN' SHOE
(Reg. 24897)
THE MODERN SHOE FOR MODERN MEN.
Invented and manufactured solely by
The Leslie Warner Shoe Co.
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A new form shoe built to FIT FEET, with joint sunk for the ball of big toe, giving a snug fit at heel and ankle, and roomy ease for the toes, which astonishes and delights the new wearer, and gives double the wear of the old style. A sample pair, any size or half size, any style, in Box Calf, Glacé Kid, Willow Calf, or Patent Calf. Sent post free to any address in following grades—

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A CAPITAL
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Invaluable for walking, cycling, shooting, riding, and all outdoor sports

This coat is fitted with a reversed box-pleat up the back to allow freedom of shoulder movement.

It is fitted with a belt at back with two buttons, so that it can be tightened at the desire of the wearer

Large patch pockets.

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Materials:
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An accurate fit is guaranteed. Patterns and Self-Measurement Form sent to any address. Distance no object.
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20, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.
Every Londoner should make a point of calling.

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In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.
There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor and crossed "& Co." with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Exceptional Opportunity! Gentleman going abroad has complete dress uniform, with sword (Guards), suitable for bandmaster or officer unattached corps. Value about £25. Will accept £7 10s., or near offer.—Apply (letters only), appointment to view, B., 10, Philpot Lane, London, E.C.

A few superior coat-hangers to clear, highly polished, 9d. post free; usual price, 1s. 9d.—Box 2249, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

2/9 GENT'S TROUSERS. 2/9

For 2/9 we will send 1 pair gent's tweed trousers direct from factory. What we sell for 2/9 others charge 5/6. All trousers are made of good, strong serviceable tweed cloth, well finished, with 2 side pockets and 1 hip pocket. The patterns are of the latest and in dark neat colours. Send at once for a sample pair and convince yourself of the marvellous value we give. Inside leg measure only required.—The Guildford Clothing Co., 111, Amhurst Road, London, N.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined, only three; a bargain, 1s. 6d. each.——Box 3099, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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Wanted, a pair or two strong trousers; length 38in., waist 31in., for 5ft. 2in. man; cheap.—Box 3098, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Our tweed suit-lengths make smarter suits at smaller cost; patterns free.—Dept. H., 769, Little Horton Lane, Bradford.

For smart tailoring at cut prices see Powe and Hancock's advertisement, page 16.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Complete set of boxing gloves, brand new, never been used, cost 12s. 6d.; accept 8s. 6d.—Box 3077, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Modern Tackle for Modern Men, carriage free.—Bottom Rods, 3s. 3d., 5s. 6d., 8s.; Casting Rods, wood, 7s. 6d.; split cane, 20s.; Sea Rods, 3s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 10s.; Fly Rods, 5s., 6s. 6d., 10s.; also everything for the angler. Catalogues free from the makers, Albert Smith and Co., Dominion Works, Redditch.

Wanted, tent suitable for camping out; give particulars.—Box 3091, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Punching ball, complete, fine quality, double ended, cost 11s. 6d.; accept 8s., condition as new.—Box 3078, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Billiard table, full size, condition as new, solid walnut frame, low, fast cushions, by Geo. Wright, all accessories, 19 balls, cues, &c., perfect condition; price 48gs.—Box 3100, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Bagatelle, folding, mahogany, 8ft. long, 30in. wide, all accessories, indiarubber cushion, absolutely faultless; £9 9s.; take £2 7s. 6d.—Box 3102, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

For sale, splendid ½-plate camera, Beck symmetrical lens (F/8), Iris diaphragm, Thornton-Picard shutter, 3 double dark slides, canvas case, tripod; also part outfit. A genuine bargain at £3 10s.——Box 3093, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

¼-Plate hand camera, carries twelve plates, with book and outfit; only 15s.; worth 30s.—Simpson, 60, Brandon Street, Motherwell.

P.C. folding camera, Beck lens, tripod, two slides, accessories; good condition; 35s.—Box 3097, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

DIGS.

Young man (Yorkshireman), 21, would like a week in good country farm, July; must be good food.—Box 3095, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MUSIC.

Edison Gem phonograph, 20 records; air-gun, cost £2 10s.; 70 "Modern Man"; what offers? Or part exchange cycle.—Box 3092, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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5 h.-p. water-cooled Simms' tricar for sale; wheel steering, foot clutch, foot brake, 2 speeds, open frame, electric lamps, or would exchange for motor-cycle, or ½-h.-p. gas engine and cash.—Box 3104, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, a good coil for 4-cylinder motor-car.—Box 3105, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London E.C.

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International Library of Famous Literature, 20 vols. cost £6 5s., sacrifice 21s. 6d.; Harmsworth's Self Educator, 5 vols. bound, remainder unbound; sacrifice 19s. 6d. Both as new.—Box 3096, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 20.

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£250 provident bond for disposal. All subs. to date (£43). Special drawings. Cash needed.—Box 3094, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Certificate, British Homes, £300, 5 years, exceptionally cheap (Chichester).—Box 3106, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Eight per cent. investment, 100 ordinary 20s. shares in Davis and Timmins, screw manufacturers; regular 8 per cent. dividend paid since company formed: carry five months' interest. What offers?—Box 3107, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, £15, by son of lease householder; repay £18 by £1 monthly; good surety and references. No lenders.—Box 3108, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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Good selling lines and novelties wanted for mail order and agent's canvassing business.—Box 3022, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

£250 provident bond, over £28 paid, theological student must sacrifice. What cash offers? or loan with bond as security. Investigation sought.—Box 3111, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MEDICAL, &c.

Your bodily weight rapidly increased. Send 4d. stamps for instructions.—Gordon, Wellesbourne, Oxford Road, Moseley, Birmingham.

Piles, marvellous cure for; receipt P.O. 1s. 1d.—Write in first case to Box 3087, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 3089, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O., 1s.—Box 3088, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

400 Mollvo No. 36 Selected Turkish (oval) cigarettes, cost 6s. per 100; 400 Mollvo Club Special Virginia cigarettes, cost 4s. 9d. per 100; splendid condition; offered by non-smoker; the lot £2, being a reduction of 7s. 9d. off cost price.—Box 3093, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Clenechave, the most perfect safety razor yet invented, complete in case with seven blades, 5s. post free.—Clenechave Safety Razor Co., 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

"MATRIMONIAL CIRCLE."—Great success, conducted on straightforward principles. Golden opportunities to those desiring matrimony; 6d., post free, sealed wrapper.—Editor, 18, Hogarth Road, Earl's Court, S.W.

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Several hundred assorted pictorial postcards to clear, comics, views, and actresses, &c.; 1s. 6d. per 100, post free.—Box 2143, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Handsome Gent's Double Simulation Gold Albert, 1s. post free; with free gift of handsome seal to wear with same.—N. A. J., 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

Remington No. 7, cheap, excellent condition. Must sell; what offers?—Box 3112, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Remington typewriter, in working order, no further use for same, 45s.; a bargain.—Box 0312. "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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